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THE FIFTH'S
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KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S POET HISTORICAL

BY

W. F. P. STOCKLEY, M.A.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

One of the Professors of English in the National University of Ireland.

Spenser to Raleigh, introducing the *Faerie Queene*, lays down that "the method of a poet historical is not that of an historiographer." Shakespeare made his Henry V. not of history; nor yet of legend. And this character, "great, original, and just,"—as Dr. Johnson lays it down—suggests not only consistent character under changes of responsibility, but ideas of rights and wrongs in warring, and questions of nationality, of moral theology, and of religious submission. The author of this play, too, was thinking of many matters. And Shakespeare's Henry's voice is not mere blatant jingo shouting; any more than the voice of Shakespeare's Coriolanus is mere megaphone-roaring out of a bronze statue; as maintains another forgetful critic. Shakespeare's Imperial Federation hints are here considered; specially regarding Macmorris's nation; for Shakespeare explicitly preaches to Elizabethan Irish; in terms of Irish, serving under Henry V.

This book, then, considers the religion of pre-Reformation Europe in which Henry V. moved and lived and had his being; and then the spirit of international Rome energising to the saving of society, even if moving at times under a weight of its own body's monstrous abuses and intolerable scandals; the action of spirit versus body, being well "observed"—in senses old and new—by a Henry V.

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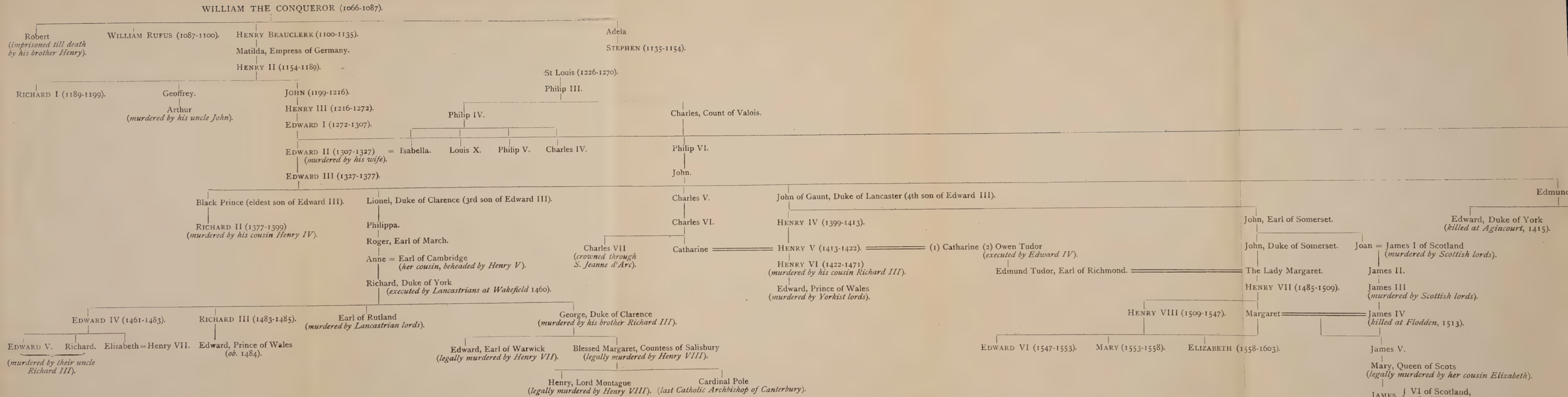
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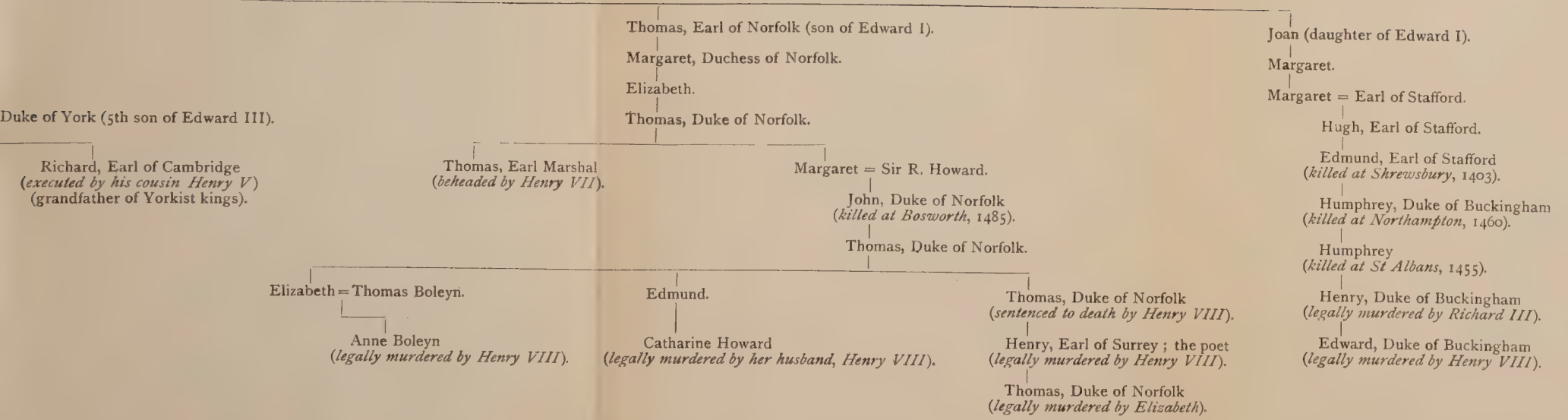
Thomas, Earl of Norfolk (son of Edward I).
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Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (legally murdered by Elizabeth).

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S POET HISTORICAL

I

SHAKESPEARE'S 'HENRY' PLAYS

(Matter and Manner)

Scott describes in his autobiography, his free early reading. To be sure, he adds: "It is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth." Still, with what freedom he read poetry! And he did not regret that. To the *Henry IV* and *Henry V* plays of Shakespeare he specially alludes.

The young Scott had said, about a grown-up friend: "He was the first person who told me about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters in Shakespeare." And Scott goes on: "What idea I annexed to them I know not, but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested on the subject. Indeed, I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend; and therefore, that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake; set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out." One is tempted to quote in this connection, one more Scott-Autobiography confession, concerning "ten times the usual quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, etc., . . . studies totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree

trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakespeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt, reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed."

To be sure, Scott was the author of *Waverley;* and we are—just our ain sels; but even so, it is in some such generous way we should approach Shakespeare, creator of Henry and Falstaff, be we young or old. And, by the way, the poets

> "always find us young
> And always keep us so."

Coleridge wished, for his English folk, that they should have history plays of England presented with proper pomp before the forward youth of England. He noted what plays the English stage of its great day had; not only Shakespeare's, but also Peele's *Edward I*, Marlowe's *Edward II*, the unknown *Edward III*, and so on. He would have a filling up of the gaps. And, for all nations, the playwright Thomas Heywood's 1612 *Apology for Actors* has, for patriots, if not for pirates, truth to be taken to heart: "To turne to our domesticke hystories," he said; "what English blood, seeing the person of any bold Englishman presented, and doth not hugge his fame, and hunnye at his valor, pursuing him in his enterprise with his best wishes, and as being wrapt in contemplation, offers to him in his hart all prosperous performance, as if the personator were the man personated? So bewitching a thing is lively and well-spirited action, that it hath power to new mold the hart of the spectators, and fashion them to the shape of any noble and notable attempt. What coward, to see his countrymen valiant, would not bee ashamed of his own cowardise? What English prince, should hee behold the true portrature of that famous King Edward the Third"—alluding to the play, *Edward III*—

" foraging France, taking so great a king captive in his owne country, quartering the English lyons with the French flower delyce, and would not bee suddenly inflamed with so royale a spectacle, being made apt and fit for the like atchievement. *So of Henry the Fifth.*"

And thus saw, with eyes of the mind, that play-reader, the valorous young Anglo-Scot.

Not all Shakespeare's historical plays are cut according to the pattern of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, history in verse, comedy in prose, with the " non-historical " work of the poet-historical, of greater interest therein, than the work approaching that of an historiographer.

An ordinary copy of Shakespeare (such as the Globe edition) places the histories—from thirteenth century John, to sixteenth century Eighth Henry—in the chronological order of the events reproduced. Such an ordinary copy begins with comedies, passes into these histories, and thence to tragedies. And, all that ordering, is simply a following of the first collected edition of Shakespeare, the First Folio of 1623. True, some of Shakespeare's plays, such as *Henry V*, had been published in smaller quarto form, as separate, more or less inaccurate, copies, in the author's lifetime (1564-1616). But the thing to be kept in mind is, that Shakespeare's plays, as a whole, were never published in his lifetime ; nor any of them, apparently, under his correction. Wherefore, the correcting of the text by attempting editors is not generally unreasonable, and in many a passage is obviously doing but justice to the author. Thus, too, as to the ordering of Shakespeare's plays, we have to settle this matter. Roughly speaking, the author seems to have begun with lightest or most formal comedies, except for the early tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet ;* then to have passed to the more intensely personal, and (so to speak) more life-like comedies, wherein already are characters cruel or pathetic—Shylock himself ; and so to histories, and to bitter plays with much cynicism (*Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*), and with them, the beginnings of the

tragedies, *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*, and so to the other terrible pictures of evil doings; passing, finally, into the frustration of the evil, in the sometimes tragical, but all-peaceful-ending last plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest;* where poetic justice is done, and the good come in for their own. One has said of the *History of King Henry the Fifth*: "We do not detect any note of sadness in this play; there is no forewarning of the coming time when he (Shakespeare) was to learn through bitter experience"—how do we know that?—"the darker secrets of the human heart." But, if the tragedies are the picturing of the falseness and failure of friends, and of the trusted—Hamlet's mother, Iago, Lear's daughters, Timon's friends—with the consequent loss of faith in others, then Henry's words of indignation, at the treason of a man he had believed in, are one motto for the tragedies:

> "O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
> The sweetness of affiance [confidence]! Show men dutiful?
> Why, so didst thou . . .
> Such and so finely bolted [sifted] didst thou seem:
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
> To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
> With some suspicion." [1]

[1] It is superfluous to say, with the Shakespearean Society editor: "We do not learn from the *Chronicles* that the conspirators showed sorrow for their treason. Shakespeare, however, making them utter the most fervent expressions of penitence." For, the Earl of Cambridge (grandson of Edward III, by Duke of York, younger son than Duke of Lancaster, Henry IV's father; but married to great-granddaughter of Edward III, by Duke of Clarence, elder son than either Lancaster or York), who counted on the crown after the death of his wife's brother, the Earl of March (named heir by Richard II) did, when his conspiracy was detected, thus write to his Lancastrian cousin, Henry V, "besekying to ȝou, my lege Lord, for his love yat suffyrd passyoun on ye good fryday so have ȝee compassyoun on me ȝowre lege man." And, when condemned to die: "Myn most dredfull and sovereign lege Lord, i Richard York ȝowre humble subgyt and very lege man, beseke ȝou of Grace of all maner offences wych y have done or assentyd to in heny kynde, by steryng of odyr folks eggyng me yer to, where in y wote wel i have hyll offendyd to ȝowre Hynesse, besechyng ȝou at the reverence of God yat ȝou lyke to take me into the handys of ȝouwre mercyfulle and pytouse grace, . . . to accept ȝys myn symple request for ȝe love of oure Lady and of ȝe blysfulle Holy Ghost, to whom i pray yat yey [they] mot ȝowre hert enduce to al pyte and grace for yeyre [their] hye goodnesse."

(*a*) "In the workshop"—for the comedies; (*b*) "in the world"—for the histories; (*c*) "out of the depths"—for the tragedies; (*d*) "on the heights"—for the so-called concluding "romances," where bad men are found out in due time; those are the fanciful, yet suggestive, notes, set down [1] for the four periods (so to say) of Shakespeare's writing. An interesting result it surely is; and not a mere finding out of the dates of writing. For, thus, one sees what was chiefly filling the playwright's mind, at various moments in his life; and thus as to matter and form, there is, for us, the pleasing interest in contemporaneous plays resembling one another, and in the illustrating what there is in each, by its fellow-plays. Viola, Beatrice, Rosalind, Portia are contemporaries; even as Hermione, Imogen, and Queen Katharine.

The mention of this last noble lady brings us again to the historical plays, falling into four sets:

(1) *Henry VI*—at the outset of the author's career;
(2) *Richard III*, *Richard II*, and *King John*;
(3) *Henry IV*, *Henry V*—these last two sets of plays towards the middle of it;
(4) *Henry VIII*—at the end.

And even as, at the outset, *Henry VI*, in its three parts is not all by Shakespeare—thousands of its lines being borrowed from older plays, probably largely by other authors—so, at the end, *Henry VIII*, in characterisation, and in form of verse and thought, shows two distinct ways of expression and methods of thinking. This habit of combining, in play-writing, was common among the 'Elizabethan,' or, rather, 'Jacobean' dramatists.

Henry IV had put the young Earl of March in prison; the Prince of Wales to administer the Earl's estates; which the younger Henry did, faithfully; who, becoming Henry V, released that elder branch cousin, who remained faithful to the Victor of Agincourt; dying soon after the accession of the infant Henry VI.

[1] By Edward Dowden.

It is a consolation to think, therefore, that the creator of the bravery of Brutus' Portia and of Imogen is not responsible for the witch trull, Joan of Arc, in *Henry VI;* and that the mere adulation of royal personages at the close of *Henry VIII* is not to be brought home to the praiser of the king-becoming graces of verity, prudence, temperance, and to the creator of a hero-king, whose "hard condition" was to "bear all"—lives, souls, debts, subjects' sins, all laid upon him.

> "What infinite heart's ease
> Must kings neglect that private men enjoy."

But what, now, is the evidence by which we come to judge—for all these plays, and for the histories in particular—that they thus fall into classes, and mutually illustrate what therein is written?

Even Coleridge, only a century since, was all at sea. His lists of the plays, according to what he judged to be their times of composition, may be thrown aside; because, since his day, many discoveries have been made, of allusions to the plays, in other writings of known dates—discoveries, also of actual Shakespeare dates of publication; and, then, of dates of matters alluded to in the plays. All that, is external evidence; or, is evidence mixed, external and internal. When we come to purely internal evidence, we have to deal with the author of "Who Fears to Speak of 'Ninety-Eight'?" For, in the beginning of the nineteenth century's later half, Dr Ingram, who had come to be, in Trinity College, Dublin, Professor of Greek, and also of English, published his notes on observation of the various manners of writings in Shakespeare's plays. (An English writer of the time was making like observations; as it turned out.)

What were these observations? And what the conclusions? It was observed and noted, as never before, that the verse, in some plays, had (*a*) many rhymes; (*b*) stops at the ends of most lines; (*c*) ten syllables in each line,

and no more. Besides which, the verse of such plays was not in a hurry, so to speak, but had time to illustrate one thought, and embellish it. And it sometimes had a formal reiteration, or comparing, or answering. On the other hand, it was observed that there were some plays with: (*a*) barely any rhyme; (*b*) passages with no stops at the ends of lines; (*c*) lines of several syllables beyond the normal ten; (*d*) lines with lighter words, such as auxiliary verbs and prepositions, at the ends. This form of verse is thus more accentual; it falls into paragraphs of varied length, it hurries on with many thoughts not dwelt on, not even fully expressed. Within these two extreme forms are plays whose verse is more or less like the one, or like the other—as in having fewer or more frequent rhymes, for instance.

Henry VI gives this account of his rule—line upon line: 1591.

"My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?"

The which successful supplanter of Henry VI begins his wooing thus—line upon line: 1591.

Edward. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
Edward. And would you not do much to do them good?
Lady Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
Edward. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Henry's more murderous enemy, Richard, thus also woos this same Lady Elizabeth Grey, for the niece-offspring of that his brother Edward:

Richard. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Elizabeth. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

Richard. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.
Elizabeth. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.
Richard. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Elizabeth. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
Richard. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Elizabeth. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

1594. Richard II wishes:

"Long mayest thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!"

1595. And the little prince Arthur, in *King John:*

"I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

1599. And then Henry V:

"God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things, dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive."

But it is in such 'unlined' verse as follows, that
1612. Henry VIII judges of himself and his fate:

"First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them; hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realm stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe."

Why, however, does one conclude that the first form of verse alluded to, and illustrated above—the more 'regular,' the simpler form—is earlier writing; and the second, more complex form, later? For this reason: that where dates have been made known, they place that first form of verse early, and the second form late. And so one may fairly conclude, that when that external evidence, giving dates, is not forthcoming, the plays in a like form are of the same period as are others in that form for which external evidence does give dates. Seeing that, also, the plays thus, with their varied forms, fall, into comedies at one time, histories later, then tragedies, and lastly 'tragedies' without tragic ending. It would not be "accordant to resoun" to conclude, that only those plays fall into such groups, which, by dates, we are forced to see therein; while the undated plays, of like manner and subject, are to be supposed the only ones not thus grouped.

To return once more to the historical plays, and to listen longer to their sounds.

Henry VI, as has been said, contains thousands of lines used in older plays concerning the Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Often the *Henry VI* verse is without singing of any sort; it is unlike, thus, to the undoubted early writing of Shakespeare. Contrast—taken at random—1 *Henry VI*, i, 4, 40 (Talbot speaks):

> "In open market-place produced they me,
> To be a public spectacle to all:
> Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
> The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
> Then broke I from the officers that led me,
> And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
> To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
> My grisly countenance made others fly;
> None durst come near for fear of sudden death."

Contrast that unmusical pedestrian tonelessness, with the Duke's words at the end of the early comedy, *The Two*

1592. *Gentlemen of Verona ;* in a passage also with stops at lines' ends—but with a difference :

> " Now by the honour of my ancestry,
> I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
> And think thee worthy of an empress' love :
> Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
> Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
> Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
> To which I thus subscribe : Sir Valentine,
> Thou art a gentleman, and well derived ;
> Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her."

There is music in the web of it.

Again, if there is more movement in the following—also from 1 *Henry VI*, i, 4, 75—there is in the grotesque savagery and violence, what is unlike Shakespeare, if like too many of his fellows :

Talbot. " What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us ?
Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men ?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off !

. . . . . .

Yet livest thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace ;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

. . . . . .

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan !
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains."

Therefore, from the relation to older plays, from the verse, from the manner, one may conclude that Shakespeare had little to do with the earliest part of *Henry VI*. And from the matter, also. To repeat ; can anything be less like Shakespeare, even in his insularity of patriotism, than

this play's brutal and silly travesty of St Jeanne d'Arc? There need no more be said.[1] Unless, that (perhaps), Shakespeare believed reports.

[1] Guizot finds that in Shakespeare's historical plays "toute indépendance et toute impartialité l'abandonment; en toutes choses et sur toutes les personnes il croit et jugent absolument comme John Bull."

Perhaps—while, at the same time, asking ourselves, once more, is this Shakespeare's personal laying down of international judgment; when he shows his Henry hero in the midst of French enemies—one may quote two German judgments. Gervinus echoes Guizot: "That Shakespeare distorts the French antagonists . . . is one of the few traits which we would rather not see in his work; it is a national narrow-mindedness; the Briton gaining ground over the man." But Schlegel: "Before the battle of Agincourt, the poet paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, in their desperate situation, coupled with their firm determination, if they must fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French 'and English national characters"—does he? he who created Pistol and Bardolph and Nym—"a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question."

That the 'John Bull' idea and ideal came from Protestantism—*e.g.*, Goldsmith's butt, in the *Citizen of the World*, on 'National Prejudices'—was a thought of the late Louise Imogen Guiney. The name, of course, dated from the eighteenth century Arbuthnot; but, if the name is thus new, the thing is ancient. "It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage that kepith the Frenchman from rising, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man," wrote the English writer on English law, Sir John Fortescue, exiled in France during the Wars of the Roses; just after Henry the Fifth's day, and four centuries before Thackeray, who felt like him about 'sturdiness.' "It is right seld that Frenchmen be hanged for robberye, for that they have no hertys to do so terrible an acte. There be therefore mo men hanged in England in a yere for robberye and manslaughter than be hanged in France for such crime in vij yers." Taine, commenting on this, in Thackeray's age, records statistics of one year thus: 738 highway robberies in England, 42 in France. The French writer brings forth a reason for this lack of 'hertys' (*i.e.*, mere brutal courage and the disputatious and independent instinct), maintaining that "the English always forget to be polite, and miss the fine distinctions of things." For, Taine adds, not, probably, unfairly: "The French race and in general the Gallic race, is perhaps among all the most prodigal of its life."

Anyway, just after Fortescue's day, a Venetian, in England under Henry VII, in 1500, noted that the islanders were well content in mind: "The English are great lovers of themselves, and of everything belonging to them; they think that there are no other men but themselves, and no other world but England, and whenever they see a handsome foreigner they say that 'he looks like an Englishman,' or that 'it is a great pity that he should not be an Englishman.'" And as for this Catholic John Bull's heart and mind, so for his stomach, the enemy Constable's dictum (iii, 7, 135): "Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves

But coming to a later Part, take a passage (3 *Henry VI*, ii, 5), which, in rise and fall, has a fair form, which is simple, not intricate, has end-stopped lines, normally decasyllabic, and which, in formal repetition, suggests the early Shakespeare of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (*e.g.*, i, 1, 136), and *Richard III* (*e.g.*, iv, 4, 98); as, in this same

and fight like devils." By the way, its converse, in the Constable's words (given also in the chronicler Hall, but omitted by Shakespeare), is: "For you must understand, yt kepe an Englishman one moneth from his warme bed, fat befe, and stale drynke"—ale, "sodden water"—"and let him that season tast colde and suffre hunger, you then shall se his courage abated, his body waxe leane and bare, and ever desirous to returne into his owne countrey." English writers have said, that at the Crimea, the Englishman, when unfed, failed and fell, sooner than his unfed French ally. In Shakespeare's own day, May 11, 1589, the dramatist may have noted that a well-to-do carnivorous bachelor in Warwick Lane, would have an account for dinner—déjeuner, 11 to 12—"A pece of bief xviij d;"—in 1589, bief, 3 farthings (? our 8 pence) a pound—"A loyne of veale ijs; 2 chickens xiiij d; Orenges ij d; For dressinge ye veale and chickens and sawce xij d." And for supper, 5.30: "A shoulder of mutton; 2 Rabbettes. For dressinge ye mutton, rabbettes, and a pigges pettie toes; colde bief; cheese." On Friday, May 2, the same bachelor's dinner: "A side of hab[er]dyn and another of grene fishe; Four playses; ij whitinges; Conger; Butter; Lettise for sallett; a pynt of white wyne and another of clarett; Suger; A pound of butter v d; For dressinge the fishe; Oyle and suger for sallett; More for butter." Hentzner, of that sixteenth century, reflected: "The English were more polite in eating"—are they not the most polite of peoples, that way, still?—"devouring less bread"—the bachelor above had less on his bill than even Shakespeare's Sir John—"but more meat, which they roast in perfection."

If, further, 'John Bull' stands for a sort of heartless hypocrisy, a disbelief in any guidance by delicacy of feeling, for a grossness, an insolence, and an arrogant aloofness from earth-born companions and fellow mortals, then perhaps there is more of such disease in Protestant than there was in Catholic England. Perhaps there is in it sufficient possibility of the ugly affliction, to make of the clergyman in Le Goffic's *Ames Bretonnes*, i, 240—handed me as I write—a caricature and not mere silliness; this colossal John Bull, stumping into a railway compartment, smoking, leering at foreigners, with 'you're a Frenchman? So you know your Paris?' (a dig in the ribs), 'and the women.' The Frenchman tried to suggest they had ladies in France; and then, mixing the many English religions, named Methodist? Baptist? etc.; only drawing guffaws from the clergyman, until this John Bull agreed to 'Episcopalian'? At this query, shouting 'all right,' he made the foreigner feel his firm flesh—'like brick' suggested the Frenchman. "Yes, brick, marble, brick yes, red, rare, like roast beef. I am the very representative man of the national roast beef." The roast beef may be, as in Agincourt days; but the national is something other—if it exists. Le Goffic declares this Bull "a commoner type than one thinks." But the French writer is in a rage, that such a creature as this clergyman should see in France only a little café-concert dirt; while knowing nothing of "ten centuries of one of the most glorious of the world's literatures."

3 *Henry VI*, other passages, such as iii, 2, 186; iii, 3, 186; iv, 3, 37.

> "O God! methinks it were a happy life,
> To be no better than a homely swain;
> To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
> To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
> Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
> How many make the hour full complete;
> How many hours bring about the day;
> How many days will finish up the year;
> How many years a mortal man may live.
> . . . . . .
> So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
> Pass'd over to the end they were created,
> Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

That vision of peace (set before the thoughts of the royal saint, the meek usurper) carries one forward—forward it is, for time of composition—to his father, Henry the Fifth's, sadness, in his pride of place, when, forceful and fierce as he could be, his people's leader, the terror of his foes, he spoke thus (*Henry V*, iv, 1, 274) of the glory of the ceremony which his kingship gave to him; he, of all men, the most unlike, outwardly, to his hunted and fugitive son; and yet like him, viewing peace, not without longing; if not desiring it for himself, as did that son:

> "No, thou proud dream,
> That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
> I am a king that find thee, and I know
> 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
> The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
> The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
> The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
> The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
> That beats upon the high shore of this world,
> No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
> Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;
. . . next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave."

Perhaps one may add, and compare, from Henry the Fifth's father before him, the words of that sleep-denied monarch, ruling over plotting and uncertain allegiance ; because these words (2 *Henry IV*, iii, 1) illustrate, further, what is to be said of this middle verse of Shakespeare, as contrasted with Shakespeare's early verse in *Henry VI*. Henry IV, in his sleepless night, is calling to sleep :

" Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? "

In these *Henry IV* and *Henry V* passages there are fewer end-stopped lines ; but there are many such. The lines are decasyllabic. But how much freedom of measure, by comparison with the earlier *Henry VI* passage. How much less of line upon line. How much of the paragraph form of verse ; at first uncertain, in sympathetic reflective movements ; and then with outburst at the fifth line—of the *Henry IV* passage—rising in a cry or in a denunciation ; the climax of the eighth line thus prepared for ; and there resting, not without self-pity ; and then, indeed, in piteousness, the king sinking into his own suffering wretchedness.

And such rise and fall—in nobler, fuller expression—is also in the *Henry V* passage above, leading up to

" the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world."

Then, to the serious if not sad watching, of quiet men, while the king who watches, has the burden of rank and of duty. There is time, as it were, for the poet to say all, and to say it well, with the finest inevitable sympathy between a good artist's thought and his words.

(And how true is Gray's critical reflection, that one line depends, for its effect, on the lines going before ; or, indeed, on those coming after. That line,

" That beats upon the high shore of this world,"

is nothing—so to say—without the preceding lines, and their splendid but manly criticism of life. No more than is this following *Lycidas* line of climax, if quoted, here, without preparation for it :

" Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

Or a climax line from *L'Allegro :*

" The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

Or, again, Gray's own *Progress of Poesy* liquid lines :

" Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air."

Or yet again, in *Henry V*, iii, 1 :

" Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocëan "—

which whole passage is another fine expression of this middle Shakespeare ; perhaps the most pleasing, in his combining beauty and interest. Yet another such passage

is in the first scene of *Julius Cæsar*, in the tribune's reproach to the people, deserters from Pompey.)

But coming to a further example of Shakespeare's latest
1612. verse, in *Henry VIII*, i, 1, 13, we read :

> " Then you lost
> The view of earthly glory : men might say,
> Till this time pomp was single, but now married
> To one above itself. Each following day
> Became the next day's master, till the last
> Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
> Shone down the English : and to-morrow they
> Made Britain India ; every man that stood
> Show'd like a mine."

That again tells something as unlike the middle *Henry IV* and *Henry V* well-rounded periods, as it is unlike the succession of lines in the early *Henry VI*. Here, as in the former citation from *Henry VIII*, hardly any lines stopped. Words at lines' ends which carry you on, perforce. No dwelling on nobly-expressed finished periods. Little melody. But force, energy, massing of effects, strong colour, and hurrying from thought to thought with the fewest words possible—as, specially, in lines 2-5. The speaker is describing the Field of the Cloth of Gold ; nay he is living again in what he said. (The mischief of it ! that Shakespeare did not write the tragedy of Katharine, or the tragedy of Wolsey, not to say that of Henry—any one of them—in that great, perhaps greatest, of manners ; instead of leaving the torso of his greatness to be trimmed gracefully and weakly coloured ; as in the Farewell of Wolsey, the Death of Katharine, the Death of Buckingham, the Christening of Elizabeth, the Prophesying of Cranmer.)

> " Till the last
> Made former wonders its,"

is certainly not soothing to the ear, and cares nothing for soothing. No more than does Wolsey in his first defence ; full of his pride, his scorn, his fear :

"What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allowed: what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only."

But the subjects, and the speakers' thoughts, make them thus hew out their speeches. They do not, however, make a victim of the reader; as when Browning takes him in hand, to make him listen to forced ugliness. (Though this later Shakespeare does, indeed, leave out relatives and connecting words; as they are left out by a Browning, in his more violent efforts at brain-awakening.)

With that *Henry VIII* passage, compare a passage from the last of the tragedies; in which tragedy, this manner of writing first makes its frequent if not full appearance—*Coriolanus*, i, 6, 55; in a passage, where, out of some twenty lines, a dozen are stop-less; and there are pronouns and prepositions closing some such lines. 1608.

Marcius. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Cominius. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Marcius. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;

> If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
> And that his country's dearer than himself;
> Let him alone; . . . follow Marcius.

Those three manners of verse, illustrated in the above-cited passages from the 'Henry' plays, show, thus, great differences. They are, roughly, a developing from formality to freedom, to complexity.

That same kind of development is seen in the subject-matter, also, of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, as contrasted with the subject-matter of those historical plays that external and internal evidence place earlier—*Richard III* and *Richard II*. In these earlier histories we meet no comedy. In *Richard II*, one man there is of no account in the great world, a gardener; yet his words also are in graceful verse. In *Richard III* (perhaps a still earlier play) there are no scenes of 'unhistoric' life. Were such a scene written later, as that of the wooing by Richard of the widowed Anne, it would probably be in such prose as the Henry wooing of Katharine. So, a young prince's jests in the Fourth Act of *Richard III* might be in prose, were that play as late as *Macbeth;* with its prose, mostly, for the young son of Macduff. But in the later historical Shakespeare, there follows so much of attempting to figure high and low in the one drama, that *Henry IV* is more the comedy of Falstaff, than it is the history of king or even of prince; and in *Henry V* the roughness of savage soldiers, the chat and gossip and arguing of the better sort, in which the warrior king joins, are a private background of prose, in sight of all the high verse-told action of king-made wars. (It is not to be unnoticed, certainly, that in the Second Part of *Henry VI* going under Shakespeare's name, there is the 'lower,' and prose, episode of Jack Cade. And yet, whatever Shakespeare writing there is, in that historical play, belongs, of course, to the earliest Shakespeare.) In Shakespeare's acknowledged plays—the Richards and the Henrys—the development is, as has been noted above, towards a recognition of various sides of life in the one play. And also, in the tragedies—from the

beginning of Shakespeare's tragic play-writing, indeed; seeing that the Nurse is in the early tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*—there is, not only the sad or bitter earnestness of Hamlet, but the accompanying philosophy of a grave-digger half-wearily amused at the monotony of life and death. And as there is, in *Lear*, the wild pity of the scenes of the old be-madded king with the poor fool and friend—mingled cries and frenzy, yearning, agony; till each sufferer sleeps in peace. Here there is no fustian folly of comic stuff, stuck in, to split the ears of the groundlings, as in a Marlowe's *Faust;* but there is a real vision of life as it is, or may be, in some of the contrasts of life's scene, stranger than those of any play. At Falstaff's death-scene many may smile; but all must weep, in their hearts. What sense of tears in mortal things, under such 'humour.' As in the irony of an Anne Boleyn all in a glistening sorrow, blind with pleasure, hiding herself from a much-wronged Katharine, and pitying the queen, while plotting against her mistress's peace; she herself playing over the jaws of death; and, without, the many-headed multitude ready to follow all the favour of fortune. Young Schiller, in his earnestness, was shocked thereat: "When at an early age I first got to know this poet, I was indignant at his coldness—indignant at the lack of feeling allowing him to joke and play amidst highest pathos." "That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. . . . The mingled drama may convey all the instructions of tragedy or comedy; . . . (it) approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life." [1]

The Triumph of Life. The Dance of Death. A drama may be of life and death; of what mocks and what sighs; of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, as of the tremors running through Falstaff's sharked-up cankers of a calm world and a long peace; his food for powder. That, at least, is the varied web of a Shakespeare later history, the anti-

[1] Dr Johnson.

thesis of the drama that is called classical, with its simple outline and uncomplex subject. Which of the two is the greater form, need not here be said. But Shakespeare's marching into life led him to see more of life whole, and seeing it, to reproduce it with corresponding variety.

II

HENRY, PRINCE AND KING

WHAT Swinburne says of *Julius Cæsar*, that it has mainly to do with public affairs, seems deeply untrue, in that play of "poor Brutus with himself at war." Some appear to make a half mistake of this sort, for *Henry V;* as if this play were merely "a national anthem in five acts," [1] and not the end of the life history of "a young man," one "of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right though his actions are wrong," who, if he has been a trifler at times, has in him wherewith to be a hero, and who finds, how, "when once the mind has placed before it noble aims, it is immediately surrounded not only by the virtues but by the gods." [2] "This character is great, original, and just," concludes Dr Johnson.[3] And the character is the life of the *Henry V* play. And the work is a drama, not an epic; a character-drama, without plot. "War," says Schlegel, "is an epic, rather than a dramatic object"; and one editor, considering that the author of *Henry V* is singing, first of arms, thus teaches us: "For war exhibits men acting in masses; . . . and a representation of war must lack that riveting interest in individuals, which is the vital principle of drama." As it is, here, in this play; of one

> "Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
> Who wears his manhood hale and green"—

[1] Brandes. [2] Bacon.

[3] Mr Masefield now dully sounds, with his recent judgment on perhaps a half-remembered Henry, "common," "selfish," "unfeeling," "animal," "groom-like," "butcher-like," "cruel," "ungrateful," "careless," "callous," "cold blooded," "insincere," etc.

the Henry never without high interest, never without self-criticism, a lover of jest ; if you will, a fool. (But what wise man said : " Boys, let us be serious ; here comes a fool " ? And there are fools, and fools.) Prince Henry came to have other friends, as king ; he accepted other responsibilities ; he felt them ; he longed to feel a man among men ; he was stern, unbending, self-satisfied, you may say ; but no conscious hypocrite. Certainly not Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's " cold prig." In any case, it is the character that is before us ; not the Hundred Years' War. And Shakespeare, in the plays of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, had a figure in his mind's eye which to him was consistent. And, then, Shakespeare is a poet historical, not an historiographer.

The Henry of History.

Was Henry of Monmouth ever Prince Hal—the Henry-of-Monmouth who lived and ruled ; who at twelve was made a knight by Richard II in County Waterford ; who, over Wales struggling to be free, was military and civil ruler, before he was sixteen, and who, later, was commander at Dover and at Calais ? Barely out of his teens, that Henry was spoken of by the Speaker, to Henry IV on his throne—his " many excellences and virtues " being noted ; and his " humility and obedience " to his father ; " so that there can be no person of any degree whatever who entertains or shows more honour and reverence of humbleness and obedience to his father than he shows in his honourable person." Therefore the king is prayed by his Commons, to have the Prince legally acknowledged as heir-apparent ; and in the Acts of Council the Prince's name is commonly associated with the king's. Henry IV's own will lays down, that, " for to execute this testament well and truly, for the great trust that I have of my son the Prince, I ordain and make him my executor of testament aforesaid." Thus the historiographer, on Henry the Prince.

Nor was the Henry of history unlearned. (Was he, of Shakespeare ?) He is said to have been much of a reader. There is an item for twelve books on hunting bought for the youth. Other items showed that he borrowed *The*

Chronicle of Jerusalem, The Journey of Godfrey de Bouillon —things in his mind to his death—and also a large book of the works of St Gregory. There is preserved a copy of Chaucer's *Troilus*, with, on the cover, Henry's arms as prince. Lydgate, the poet-monk of Bury St Edmunds, wrote for him the *Life of Our Lady* and the *Siege of Troy*. The prince himself could at least write good letters in French and in English.

Sir Edward Creasy judges the historical France-invading Henry, that he wished to conquer France, and make her " a second Ireland under the yoke of the triumphant English. . . . The French people had fallen into the worst of all states of mind, when the independence of one's country is thought no longer a paramount and sacred object." Though, truly, there is a worse state; for (in the recent words of the American Senator Johnson): " A hypocrite nation has no future "—one which calls itself free, when it knows it is not.

Another more modern English writer noted the untimely end of Henry, of his father, and the long misery of his son, in " that civil war which spread over England the ruin and ravage which the English invasion had carried into France." [1]

Mr W. B. Yeats, in *Ideas of Good and Evil*, lets himself reflect as to Richard II and Henry V: " To suppose that Shakespeare preferred the men who deposed his King is to suppose that Shakespeare, had he been by when Verlaine cried out from his bed, ' Sir, you have been made by the stroke of a pen, but I have been made by the breath of God,' would have thought the Hospital Superintendent the better man. He saw, indeed, as I think, in *Richard II* the defeat that awaits all, whether they be Artist or Saint, who find

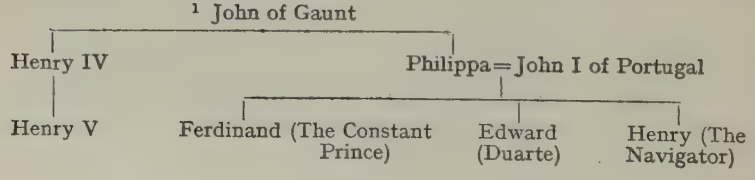
[1] Yet, indeed, as has been reflected: " During the contests between the House of York and the House of Lancaster, arts, sciences, and literature were constantly on the increase. Compare this with the Vandal scenes which began in the reign of Henry VIII and were consummated in the reign of his son." Would that there had even then been a consummation; nor any need for learned Laud's decent saving from the Elizabethan wreck, about to take a further plunge Cromwellian.

themselves where men ask of them a rough energy, and have nothing to give but some contemplative virtue, whether lyrical phantasy, or sweetness of temper, or dreamy dignity, or love of God, or love of His creatures. He saw that such a man through sheer bewilderment and impatience can become as unjust or as violent as any common man, any Bolingbroke or Prince John.

" The courtly and saintly ideals of the Middle Ages were fading, and practical ideals of the modern age had begun to threaten the unuseful dome of the sky." Chivalric and saintly appear indeed the lives of the great Spaniards of his age—Cervantes and Calderon—in comparison with the Mermaid *l'homme-sensuel-moyen* life of Shakespeare. Canon Sheehan turns our Shakespeare-bent eyes on to Calderon's finest historical play, *The Constant Prince*—who suffers abject imprisonment leading to death, for a cause; faith, and the protection of Christian people—a play to be compared and contrasted with Euripides' *Hippolytus*, and Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, it has been said. " Cousin,[1] as he was, of the victor of Agincourt, English common sense and sturdy courage look somewhat prosaic beside Spanish chivalric piety, when we summon to stand together, at the bar of our imagination, the ' Henry the Fifth ' of Shakespeare, and Calderon's ' Constant Prince.' "

But the most frenzied judgment—crude, if guileless—against this English hero has made recent appearance in the English translation of Huysmans' introduction to his *Life of St Lydwine*: Henry V, " known till then as a drinker and a bandit, an associate of thieves and women, reveals himself, on coming to the throne, as cold and imperious, arrogant beyond measure, and of a ferocious piety. The

[1] John of Gaunt



pharisaism and cupidity of the English race are incarnate in him, he shows the harshness and prudery of the Protestant, and is at once a usurer, an executioner, and a methodist parson born out of due time. He renewed the campaign in Normandy, starved towns, falsified coinage, hanged the prisoners in the name of the Lord, and overwhelmed his victims with sermons. He is, however, victorious at Agincourt, he massacres all those who cannot ransom themselves, and extracts enormous sums from others, and while their fate is in the balance he crosses himself, mumbles prayers, and recites psalms." This is the sudden conversion, for good or for bad, which Shakespeare would not reproduce, even in shaded colours.

But Henry V, he of the chroniclers, also, was really loved by soldiers, "for, in wrestling, leaping, and running, no man could compare with him. In carting of great iron bars and heavy stones, he excelled all men, never shrinking at cold, not slothful for heat; and when he most laboured, his head commonly uncovered, no more weariness of his armour than a light coat, very valiantly abiding at need both hunger and thirst, so manful of mind as never to seem to flinch at a wound or to smart at a pain." And the chronicler, though declaring that Henry "was youthfullie given, growne to audacitie, and had chosen him companions agreeable to his age, with whom he spent the time in such recreations, exercises, and delights as he fancied," yet notes, further, how "his behaviour was not offensive or at least tending to the damage of anie bodie; sith he had a care to avoid dooing of wrong, and to tedder [tether] his affections within the tract of vertue, whereby he opened unto himselfe a redie passage of good liking among the prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discerne his disposition."

That is not so far from Shakespeare's man; whose own ideal of a true man, as of one

> "Not working with the eye without the ear
> And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither,"

is matched in his creator's Troilus, whose fame may not unfairly be said to bespeak Shakespeare's Henry :

> " firm of word ;
> Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
> Not soon provoked, nor yet provoked soon calmed ;
> His heart and hand both open and both free ;
> For what he has he gives, what he thinks shows ;
> Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
> Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath ;
> Manly as Hector, but more dangerous."

The Henry of Legend.

But Shakespeare had at hand an old play on The Famous Victories of another sort of Henry the Fifth, who therein, as Prince, says to Sir John Oldcastle, and to Ned and Tom : " Here's such adoo nowadays, here's prisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the divell and all ; but, when I am king, we will have no such things. The first thing I will do shall be to put my Lord Chief Justice out of office. . . . If the old king my father were dead we would be all kings. . . . I will goe to the Court, for I hear say, my father lies verie sicke. The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the crowne on my head. . . ." Soon after this, Henry V enters, dagger in hand, to Henry IV, who conjectures his son meant to kill him ; and therefore weeps. Then Henry V, transformed : " I was about to say, 'tis not the Crowne that I, your wilde slave come for. I am unworthie, and those wilde and reprobate company I abandon, and utterly abolish their company for ever. Pardon, sweete father, pardon. . . . This ruffianly cloake I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it to the divel, which is maister of al mischiefe. . . . Even this day, I am borne new againe." This Henry chooses the Lord Chief Justice to be Protector over the Realm, while he himself is in France. Thus, Henry the Prince, of the old play.

(Be it added, that this whole story, of the wise Justice Gascoigne and the foolish Prince Henry, seems to date no

earlier than Sir Thomas Elyot's *Boke named the Governour*, 1531.)

This popular young prince of the famous old play, was "a depraved and unfeeling blackguard," as, not unjustly, is said. But even the Prince Hal of Shakespeare is unadvisedly spoken of as "a loose tavern-haunting young cad, occupying his leisure in flirtations with such specimens of their sex as Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, and serving as an amateur tapster."[1] So did Charles Surface serve as an amateur auctioneer; singing, "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, and here's to the widow of fifty"; and he was slap-dash with elderly Mr Oliver; and yet no cad, though in a tavern. Crabbèd age and youth cannot live together. "Youth is the time of generous and enthusiastic impulses; young men," continued the founding Rector of Ireland's Catholic University, "are imprudent, and get into scrapes. Perhaps they fall in love, imprudently. . . . (But) it does not do to beat the life out of a youth—the life of aspirations, excitement and enthusiasm. Older men live by reason, habit and self-control, but the young live by visions." And even these last high words are not absurd, of Shakespeare's Prince Hal, concerning whom even an enemy would tell the world that

The Henry of Shakespeare.

> "If he outlive the envy of this day"—

the hatred against his life in the battle—

> "England did never owe [own] so sweet a hope
> So much miscónstrued in his wantonness."[2]

Sentiments right, if actions wrong. And Henry himself felt the one, and knew the others. In that battle itself, he may boast to his adversary Hotspur, that

> "all the budding honours on thy crest
> I'll crop to make a garland for my head."

[1] *Cornhill*, April 1881; 'The youth of Henry V.'
[2] 1 *Henry IV*, v, 2, 75.

Then Hotspur: "I can no longer brook thy vanities." But Hotspur dead, then Henry:

> "If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
> I should not make so great a show of zeal:
> But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
> And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
> For doing these fair rites of tenderness."

His other enemy, Douglas, is a prisoner:

> "I beseech your Grace
> I may dispose of him.
> *King.* With all my heart.
> *Prince.* Thus, brother John of Lancaster,
> To you this honourable bounty shall belong;
> Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
> Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
> His valour shewn upon our crests to-day
> Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
> Even in the bosom of our adversaries."[1]

No cad sentiment in all this chivalry. "Let the end try the man," he claims. And his father is now a-dying—*le roi est mort, vive le roi;* yet "I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow; . . . and if I should weep, every man would think me a hypocrite indeed."[2] His father, nigh his end, feared,

[1] 1 *Henry IV*, v, 5, 29.

[2] How the Henry of history did comport himself at his father's death, we read in the chronicle of an unknown Brother of Westminster Abbey. (It is reproduced in Besant's *Westminster*, p. 106.) The young king went to confess to an anchorite, the abbey's former sub-prior. Of this monk's preparation to impose the wisdom of another world his unknown Brother tells:

"That night the Sub-Prior spent alone in the Abbey Church, after confessing to the Abbot and receiving absolution from him. In the morning we set him apart and consecrated him according to the Order prescribed. . . .

"We had now completed that part of the consecration which takes place in the church. The Abbot then took the new Recluse by the hand and led him down the nave of the church, followed by the choir and all the Brethren unto the little door leading into the West Cloister. The church was filled with people to see the sight. A new Recluse is not seen every day. . . .

"The Anchoret's cell is on the south side of the Infirmary Cloister. It

truly, for his son, " when his headstrong riot hath no curb " —that young man of the " violent passions."

> " When rage and hot blood are his councillors,
> When means and lavish manners meet together,
> Oh, with what wings shall his affections fly
> Toward fronting peril and oppos'd decay."

is built of stone being twelve feet long, eight feet broad, and with an arched roof about ten feet high. On the side of the church there is a narrow opening by which the occupant can hear Mass and can see the Elevation in the Chapel of St Catherine. On the other side is a grating by which he can receive his food, and converse with the world. But it is too high up for him to see out of it ; therefore, he has nothing to look upon but the walls of his cell. This morning the west side had been broken down in order to remove the body of the dead man and to cleanse the cell for the new-comer. So while we gathered round in a circle, and the people stood behind us, the Abbot entered the cell, and cleansed it, and sprinkled it with holy water, singing more psalms and more prayers. When he came forth the Recluse himself entered, saying aloud : *Haec Requies mea in seculum seculi.* The choir sang another Psalm. Then the Abbot sprinkled dust upon the head of the Recluse with the words beginning ' *De terra plasmasti.*' This done, the *operarius cum suis operariis* replaced the stones and built up the wall anew. And then singing another Psalm, we all went back to the cloister, leaving the Sub-Prior to begin his life-long imprisonment. A stone bench for bed, his frock for blanket ; a crucifix and no other furniture. In the cold nights that followed lying in my bed in dormitory, I often thought myself of the former Sub-Prior alone in his dark cell with devils whispering temptation through the grating—devils always assail every new Recluse—well-nigh frozen, praying with trembling lips and chattering teeth. ' No I am not worthy. Such things are too high for me.' " . . .

(Note in another hand) :

This Recluse, formerly Humphrey of Lambhythe, surpassed in sanctity even his predecessor. It was to him that Henry V repaired after the death of his father, as is thus recorded by Thomas of Elmham : " The day of the funeral having been spent in weeping and lamentation, when the shades of night had fallen upon the face of the earth, the tearful prince taking advantage of the darkness, secretly repaired to the Recluse of Westminster, a man of perfect life, and unfolding to him the secret of his whole life, being washed in the bath of true penitence, received against the poison of his sins the antidote of absolution. Thus, having put off the cloak of iniquity, he returned decently garbed in the mantle of virtue."

Westminster Abbey then, and now ; Catholic and Anglican. A Catholic people sees things (as Cardinal Newman reflects) that a Protestant people sees not. It has the idea—and the ideal—of a saint. Henry, Prince or King, is yet but a poor soul penitent before the power that will make him and anoint him, the power in which he, bad or good, sees not man but God, in the person of a prelate bad or good, whom the king neither made nor can unmake. But kings felt themselves other sorts of souls in this world, when their anointers came to get their power from the anointed. However, indeed, Henry VIII declared that the conscience of a king has direct inspiration from God. No need, therefore, for any other ' man of God.'

Then, as ever, the generation passing, fears for the coming; but it is more because of the land's and its folk's unguided days and rotten times. As for his son's right feeling, this son is, just then, to his father, "the noble image of my youth"; and—so the father reminds and warns Henry's younger brother—"gracious, if he be observed," *i.e.*, used after his dignity, and respected. And the beautiful lines drop from Henry's father's lips:

> "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open, as day, for melting charity."

Even before King Richard's death, aspiring Bolingbroke said of this Shakespeare son, that though he was "dissolute and desperate,"

> "Yet through both, I see
> Some sparks of better hope; which elder days
> May happily bring forth."

He is "amongst the taverns," he has

> "unrestrainèd loose companions,
> Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
> And rob our Watch and beat our passengers"

—but not he; like Tennyson's Rizpah's wild youth, on the flung-away booty: "I'll none of it, said my son"—yet

> "he, young wanton and effeminate boy
> Takes on the point of honour to support
> So dissolute a crew."[1]

"Hard-ruled," indeed, his father speaks him; after watching all his youthful days:

> "Being incens'd, he's flint,
> As humorous [capricious] as winter, and as sudden
> As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.
> His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
> Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
> When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

[1] *Richard II*, v, 3, 7.

But, being moody, give him life and scope,
Till that his passions (like a whale on ground)
Confound [destroy] themselves with working."

If to be a gentleman is to be sensitive, to yield to the better self, to be perhaps unreasonable, or fierce, it may be, and a fool ; yet wise enough to know himself to be so ; and sorry, even to the shedding of tears of amendment, then this Shakespeare prince was not a cad.

" My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite ;
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue ; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd ; which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers ; and their memory
Shall, as a pattern, or a measure, live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others
Turning past evils to advantages." [1]

The old man is wary, not quite caught by Warwick's liberal casuistry. And a later poet's hesitation is in one's mind ; after

" And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live ;

then,

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound,
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round ?

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of hell." [2]

[1] 2 *Henry IV*, iv, 4, 33. [2] *In Memoriam*, 53.

'Tis true for you, Tennyson. But you have a tiresome way with you.

Anyway, as to the prince's debauchery-flirtations, where are they? Not, surely, when Mistress Quickly chortles in her joy, seeing her Sir John play King to the Prince:

Prince. Here is my leg [my bowing and scraping] . . .
Falstaff. Here is my speech,—stand aside, nobility.
Hostess. This is excellent sport, i'faith.
Falstaff. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.
Hostess. O the father, how he holds his countenance.
Falstaff. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
Hostess. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as ever I see.[1]

Then the next time that Mistress Quickly meets the prince, his greeting is to her distraction—having madness in her brain, being wroth with one she loves:

"What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man."

Hostess. Good, my lord, hear me.
Falstaff. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.
Prince. What sayst thou, Jack?
Falstaff. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked, three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.
Prince. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.
Hostess. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.
Prince. What! He did not?
Hostess. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

. . . . . .

Falstaff. Dost thou hear that? Thou knowst, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than

[1] 1 *Henry IV*, ii, 4, 427.

another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so, by the story.

Falstaff. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacified still. Nay, prithee be gone.[1]

(*Exit Hostess.*)

Charming flirtation; and pitiful. But not Prince Hal's "flirtations." Disguised at the next meeting,[2] he sees Sir John's other worshipper grant him a kiss—"Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction"—and hears Falstaff: "I am old, I am old"; and his soothing Venus: "I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all." However, the prince comes forward; and then, Venus to Saturn: "How! you fat fool! I scorn you." For she feared. "How vilely," turns Henry on Falstaff, "did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!"

Hostess. God's blessing of your good heart; and so she is, by my troth.

Falstaff. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's hill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Falstaff. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing. . . . I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject. . . .

Prince. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman? . . . Is she of the wicked? Is thine Hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose zeal burns in his nose) of the wicked? . . . You gentlewoman?

"What pagan may that be?" he had asked (shortly before), on first hearing her queer name:

Doll-Tearsheet. What says your Grace?

[1] 1 *Henry IV*, iii, 3, 106. [2] 2 *Henry IV*, ii, 4, 286.

Little time to know. Nothing more to be known of that "flirtation." A rising in the north: on, come the captains. And Prince Hal's first word, at hearing of them, recalls his early "I shall be more myself"; as in 1 *Henry IV*, iii, 2, 98, when he adds, to his father:

> "Heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
> Your majesty's good thoughts away from me:
> I will, . . .
> . . . in the closing of some glorious day,
> Be bold to tell you that I am your son."

And now, 2 *Henry IV*, ii, 4, 360:

> "By heavens, I feel me much to blame,
> So idly to profane the precious time,
> When tempest of commotion . . .
> . . . doth begin to melt
> And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.
> Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night."

His last words to the Falstaff of his "dream."

It is already the wide-awake Henry the King, who

> "weighs time
> Even to the utmost grain." [1]

No longer he of the first answer to Falstaff's

> "Now Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
> *Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?"

Even there, a speaking after his degree; a distinction of persons is kept. Then the madcap jests; and the first salute at the first parting, to Falstaff: "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer." [2] (Falstaff

[1] *Henry V*, ii, 5, 137.

[2] 1 *Henry IV*, i, 2, 1.

is the cause of poetry in other men.) And so to the last parting:

> "I know thee not, old man,—fall to thy prayers:
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
> But being awake, I do despise my dream." [1]

Midway in his wild ways, half-tired of his dreaming, he philosophised: "Thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us." But his very first words—when alone, even after consenting to pranks, though with a protest: "Who? I rob? I a thief? Not I"—his first words are:

> "I know you all, and will awhile uphold
> The unyok'd humour of your idleness.
>
> . . . . .
>
> When this loose behaviour I throw off,
> And pay the debt I never promised,
> By how much better than my word I am,
> By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
> And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
> My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
> Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
> Than that which hath no foil to set it off." [2]

True, he had just said, in a humour-combat with Sir John, that he would rob. Not all things said are done. Or, rather, in the world of free souls (in the all-license sense of irresponsible feelings), all things said are done; and words are things; and laws are not; and "I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant." [3] So, "Thou art indeed able to corrupt a saint," —'tis Falstaff [4] speaks—"Thou hast done much harm unto

[1] 2 *Henry IV*, v, 5, 55. [2] 1 *Henry IV*, i, 2, 185.

[3] Cardinal Newman; on Oxford days and doings.

[4] Just before, was Sir John ready to confess; and to try to turn his prince from folly? His conscience had received a prick. "(Thou art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet young prince.) But, Hal,

me, Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. And I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damned, for never a king's son in Christendom."

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ?

Falstaff. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one. And I do not, call me villain and baffle me [take my knighthood].

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse taking.

Falstaff. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.[1]

The most agreeable of qualities, " perpetual gaiety," that, outwardly, had Sir John. And he was great fun for himself, but also for the prince who was bored with dull people. " That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman," says (concerning the distracted poor waiter, with his " Anon, anon, Sir,") the man who enjoyed being with Falstaff.

We might, but with absurd one-sided speech, set forth this Falstaffian young man as a cold-hearted friend, ungenerous, self-satisfied, a calculator, and to his own self only, true. What one cannot do, with one's eyes on Shakespeare's Henry, is to get a picture of a selfish Don Juan, a heartless Iago among his flock of drunkards, or a pitiless unpitied Richard ; or again of a kindly, helpless Cassio-creature ; still lower, of any poor sot. This Shakespeare Henry is not the thoughtless taverner. But neither is he, really, the cool pedant. He had, moreover, surely, some sense of the proportion of things. He had his work in the world ; he knew he had it to do ; though he put off doing it. He

I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not ; and yet *he talked very wisely*, but I regarded him not ; and *yet he talked wisely*, and in the street too."

[1] 1 *Henry IV*, i, 2, 88.

liked the joking, the jesting, even the rioting; as he confesses. He often thought he was an ass for his pains. He had his Falstaff to love him—Falstaff, who says everything the best way it can be said: "I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines." An instant after: "Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters." [1] And more abuse, in his bold-faced raging: "A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales! . . . Are you not a coward?"

Prince. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.[2]

There was certainly, in this youth, the stuff that could turn, at that sort of feeding; at all the drasty speech and the ale-washed wit, and the impertinence. He kept his place against the cry of Sir John—earth-planted in his fat—"I prithee, good Prince Hal, help to my horse, good king's son." To which the pitiless prince: "Out, you rogue, shall I be your ostler?" [3] And as Mistress Quickly reminded Falstaff, "the prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of Windsor." [4] That this Henry would naturally despise himself, for being so hard-hearted as not to make fritters of his kingship (lest Sir John Falstaff's heart should be fracted and corroborate), is a misreading, and a foolish misreading. The fraction of Falstaff is very sad, of course. Professor Jowett let himself say, that Falstaff's death [5] is the saddest scene in history. To himself he

[1] 1 *Henry IV*, ii, 2, 16.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 4, 160.
[3] *Ibid.*, ii, 2, 41.
[4] 2 *Henry IV*, ii, 1, 96.
[5] "'How now, Sir John?' quoth I: what man! be o' good cheer! So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to

standeth, or falleth; like King Henry; like the rest. "Well, to our work alive." [1]

So, to repeat, from the first, Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth is not the protégé and patron figured by his archbishop, with wildness in him, as once the be-all and the end-all of his life; and then, at a moment, that wildness dead. Not altogether had he had "companies unlettered, rude, and shallow"; Sir John's orbit was, so to say, a world of wit, and a sea of humour—nor had the play-wright's young prince had only "hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports." This bishop had not known the whole moraliser, critic, roysterer—in, and yet not of, the rowdy set—when he says of his young king that there had been

> "never noted in him any study,
> Any retirement, any sequestration
> From open haunts and popularity" [blackguardism].[2]

Even Othello's young "worthy Montano" gives drink, takes drink; though he is ready, quick, for his duty and the watch, and cannot put up with a man drunk at his post, and is praised by his great general, for that

> "The gravity and stillness of your youth
> The world hath noted, and your name is great
> In mouths of wisest censure."

Young Hamlet himself—is he not for playing, or even dancing; is he not for acting and for sport; though he has that within which passeth woe; which Henry, even woeful, had not; and though the Prince of Denmark had in his mind's

trouble himself with any such thought yet." Before it had come to that, the other woman had been less modern-spoken—in 2 *Henry IV*, ii, 4, 223—"Thou little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?" But he answered: "Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a deathshead; do not bid me remember mine end."

[1] Mr Masefield (p. 122) on this 'animal': "Henry accuses Scroop"—undoing his duty—"of cruelty and ingratitude. He"—doing his duty—"forgets those friends, Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, whom his own cruelty has betrayed to death and dishonour."

[2] *Henry V*, i, 1, 55.

eye to rule his land, as had Henry at Eastcheap ; both ready to sweep from their sight the men who were obstacles to either dreamer's ambition or duty ? Men are not what they seem. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man. A clear spirit may be puddled. A puddled spirit may come to clear, and a wonder difference be,

> " Between the promise of his greener days
> And those he masters now."

The master spirit, in the later Augustine, were a wonder to his own earlier shrinking weakness. An earlier Francis might think the later an impossible fool. And the docile strength of Ignatius the Jesuit seem a perversion of bravery to Ignatius the soldier.

Shakespeare, indeed (as has been suggested above), is at pains not to take the crude old transformation of one man into another, of the older play. But, not putting away the stories of frivolity, he has before him his consistent Henry, Prince and King, of whom Dr Johnson once more remarks to us, that " the trifler is roused into a hero ; and the hero again reposes in the trifler." So that is, from the beginning of *Henry IV* (if not, one may say, in *Richard II*), down to the end of *Henry V*—at that scene of filly-pacing, heifer-buying sort of wooing,[1] in that last act, whose " emptiness and narrowness " are " the great defect of this play." [2] And the Prince who nights it with Poins and Peto, must, when king, have his plot and jest on his reverent retainers,

[1] " Shakespeare," Coleridge thought, " may sometimes be gross, but I boldly say that he is always moral and modest." (Shakespeare. But modest Iago ? But Mercutio even ? But Hamlet ?) " Alas ! " continues Coleridge, " in this our day decency of manners is preserved at the expense of morality of heart, and delicacies for vice are allowed, whilst grossness against it is hypocritically, or at least morbidly condemned." For Newman : " Often as Shakespeare may offend against modesty he is clear of a worse charge, sensuality ; and hardly a passage can be instanced in all that he has written to seduce the imagination or to excite the passions." " What king has he not taught state ? " exclaims Emerson. " What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy ? What lover has he not outloved ? . . . What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour ? " (Shakespeare. But hardly his Henry V.)

[2] Dr Johnson.

Williams and Fluellen, if not on his boon-companion Falstaff. And he must go round with the men at night, awake to real life. He is loved of a drearier if an honester sort, but also of the hearty fellow-Welshman ; and if he is not lavishing beastly abuse-titles on an old Sir John, he is caring for the " old heart " that speaks cheerily :

> " Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham : [1]
> A good soft pillow for that good white head
> Were better than a churlish turf of France."

[1] Sir Thomas Erpingham's grave is on the north side of the choir in Norwich Cathedral. The beautiful Erpingham Gate, near his own house, and forming one entrance to the cathedral precincts, opposite the west front, was built by him—he himself even carrying some of the stones—in 1420 ; in expiation (some say) for his temporary fall into Wycliffism ; or (as a present descendant of the " good old commander " says), to make up for not having been able to keep his vow to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Yet he seems to have been in Palestine with Henry of Derby ; as with him to Lithuania in 1390 ; and with him in that Henry's fateful banishment, 1398. He was one of the commissioners for receiving Richard II's resignation, when, in 1400, this Henry IV ascended the royal throne. He was in Ireland with Henry's second son in 1401 ; and in 1404 was styled steward of the royal household, or king's chamberlain ; continuing in high favour under the next king, Henry V.

But immediately on Henry IV's usurpation, there was a rising against the usurper. And Lingard has a note on an awful story of what happened to a " rebel " ; a story recalled, later, by Francis Thompson. " That the reader may form a notion of the barbarous manner in which executions for treason were conducted "—but, long after, this is how priests were executed under Eliza and our James ; and what of the tearing to pieces, almost in Lingard's day, of Damien, would-be murderer of Louis XV ? What, also, at the present hours, of all-day cuttings, and choppings, and burnings, of untried American negroes ?—" I will relate " (says Lingard) " the execution of Sir Thomas Blount, in the words of a contemporary writer ; ' He was hanged ; but the halter was soon cut, and he was made to sit on a bench before a great fire, and the executioner came with a razor in his hand, and knelt before Sir Thomas, whose hands were tied ; begging him to pardon his death, as he must do his office. Sir Thomas asked : " Are you the person appointed to deliver me from this world ? " The executioner answered : " Yes, sir ; I pray you pardon me." And Sir Thomas kissed him, and pardoned him his death.' " (This Sir Thomas, at least, makes one think of

> ' The knights are dust, and their good swords rust ;
> Their souls are with the saints, I trust.')

The awful story goes on—let those who need not, read no further therein *

* Though " the penalty of hanging, drawing, and quartering " is " unmentionable in its details," yet (adds a modern *enfant terrible*, in 1924) it " was abolished so recently that there are men living who have been sentenced to it."

—" The executioner knelt down, and opened his belly, and cut out the bowels straight from below the stomach, and tied them with a string that the wind of the heart should not escape, and threw the bowels into the fire. Then Sir Thomas was sitting before the fire, his belly open and his bowels burning before him."

Then comes in the new king's man, Shakespeare's " most kind gentleman," Sir Thomas Erpingham, and " insulting Blount, said to him in derision : ' Go seek a master that can cure you.' Blount only answered : ' *Te Deum laudamus.* Blessed be the day on which I was born and blessed be this day, for I shall die in the service of my sovereign lord, the noble King Richard.' The executioner knelt down before him, kissed him in an humble manner, and soon after his head was cut off, and he was quartered."

Francis Thompson, in *Health and Holiness*, brings this forward as an example of the Middle Age race of men who required fasting and maceration—even in their " good old " men. As if, according to the modern poet, these mediævalists were all of the make of a Ligurge, Kyng of Trace. But by the way, Sir Thomas Erpingham, good or bad, was not ' old ' when he insulted o'er the wretched. And the modern poet was surely in an ecstasy of inaccuracy, when he thought fasts and fierceness easier to endure, then, than is the facing of life at all, now, by our sensitive bodies and distracted nerves, under a London east wind (!). Thus far saith the poet. But,

" Such tricks hath strong imagination."

Of course, not many are found to " hold when a great wheel runs downhill."—Edward III, mighty victor dead, and none so poor to do him reverence ; no more than his grandson of youth and pleasure, Richard II, buried in the Dominican Friary at King's Langley ; Bishop Burghill, O.P., of Lichfield presiding at the obsequies, assisted by the Abbots of St Albans and Waltham. No other friends. (Sir Thomas Blount could not be there, we think.) None of the great nobles. Even the common people stayed away. " Neither was anyone found to invite the bishops and abbots to dinner after all their trouble."

The poor supplanted French King, Charles VI, when living, had a foretaste of the followers of all the favour of fortune. In Paris, 1422, he and his triumphing English son-in-law Henry V, as we read, " solemnly celebrated the feast of Pentecost, which fell on the day after their arrival. On that day the King and Queen of England were seated at table gorgeously apparelled, having crowns on their heads. King Charles was now seated in his hotel of St Pol, at table with his queen, deserted by the grandees and others of his subjects, as if he had been quite forgotten. He was managed as the King of England pleased, and no attention was paid him ; which created much sorrow in the hearts of all loyal Frenchmen, and not without cause." Such sorrow was swelling in the heart of a French Maid in Domrémy, who could both feel and think and do.

But the story, and the life story, of Sir Thomas Erpingham make one think, and think again. Cowper, in *Table Talk* (1782), was probably not thinking back so far as Catholic fifteenth century, when he deplores his own day,

" Poor England ! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with every ill but that of fear " ;

and continues :

" Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
Confess'd a God ; they kneel'd before they fought,
And prais'd Him in the victories He wrought."

He is much at home, or much more at home, when, as king, he is more himself.

He was not a sentimentalist, earlier: he is not, now; neither with men nor with women. He is untroubled,[1]

Not every virtue—not certainly every grace, when in the earlier part at least of this Hundred Years' War the English party at Beauvais—so the English *Quarterly Review* recalled, 1825, p. 378, reviewing *Memoirs of Bayard*—kept a pit burning which they called *l'Enfer*, and into which they threw these prisoners alive who could not produce the required ransom. Then the place was taken by the Duc de Bourbon, and "those wretches were rightly cast into the same pit themselves."

However, out of our present age's late war; here is a letter from a staff officer in Palestine. Note the mingling of half silly army talk in the wiser words of an apparently decent soul.

"I went for a very interesting drive yesterday along that road towards the Jordan where I told you in a previous letter that our aeroplanes made such a mess of the retreating Turko transport. It must have been even a greater catastrophe than I supposed.

"There was a horrid mess up at the farthest place we reached. Some bombs had landed in the middle of them, and it was awful seeing corpses lying there not quite skeletons, but sufficiently so to see that horrid grin. The little flesh left on, them and their clothes, made them look much more awful than ordinary skeletons. They just lay there laughing at us as though they were saying: 'You see, we've got the better of you after all.' In some parts of the road where the animals had dropped across the road, no one had bothered even to pull them to one side. With the result that in one case a head, in another the legs, had been rolled as flat as a pancake by the wheels of lorries and cars, and was almost indistinguishable from road metal, while the rest of the body had grown bloated and horrible with decay. The result was so fantastic that I felt I wanted to laugh. And yet the whole thing was really one of the most ghastly tragedies in the history of war, comparable to the disaster at Thermopylæ or the retreat from Moscow. Just imagine thirty miles of guns, vehicles, and men caught by aeroplanes in a long narrow gorge. . . . And the aeroplanes going back for more bombs!

"But it is near the end now, thank goodness! I hope when the history of the war is written every little detail of the horrible side of it will be given, so that future generations may see what it really means. In most histories of wars they just talk about all the heroic side of it, which makes it appear to be fine instead of just beastly." "Why don't you tell everything?" said another, to a war correspondent. "No man could, or would," was the answer; "and if he did, there could be none found to read it." Which shows a war correspondent not in the worst rank of manhood.

[1] "When in 1460 the Duke of York laid his pedigree before the lords, with a formal demand for the crown, legitimism makes its first appearance in English history." (*Maitland's Constitutional History*, p. 194.) "The fact that in mediæval theory the authority of the king is founded upon the election, or at least the recognition of the community, does not in truth require any serious demonstration." (Dr Carlyle's 1915 *History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West*, p. 153.) And yet 'Divine right of Kings' is still 'mediæval,' for the popular English-speaking mind of to-day, if Protestant; not to say if Catholic, even.

more than his father is,[1] about their Lancastrian claim to the crown :

> " My gracious king,
> You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me,
> Then plain and right must my possession be ;
> Which I, with more than with a common pain,
> 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain." [2]

When, his brother says,

> " We bear our civil swords and native fire
> As far as France,"

then, Henry :

> " Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help
> And from the noble sinews of our power,
> France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
> Or break it all to pieces ; or there will sit
> Ruling in large and ample empery
> O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms." [3]

Chivalrous, if fierce, the prince had shown himself, to enemies of rank, to Hotspur, to Douglas. The king would not, after Agincourt, take the glory ; nor go, in as much personal pomp as made splendid his French prisoner-princes,

[1] Henry IV's bad conscience flamed—like the worse conscience of Henry VIII, at the brave words of Friar Peto—when a Friar violently reproached Henry IV for deposing Richard II. " But I have not usurped the crown ; I have been elected." " The election is null, if the rightful king lives : if dead, dead by thee ; if killed by thee, thou hast no title." " By my head I will have thine cut off." And he had—in 1402. This king had to get, for this, obsequious jurors from beyond London's limit. These poor ordinary creatures then repented, and came weeping to their victim's Franciscan brethren.

Something equally modern we read, as to ' propaganda,' under Henry IV, who is said to have got his archbishop (Arundel) to read a forged bull in Canterbury Cathedral, recounting how Richard had wrongfully banished Henry of Lancaster ; and " I have therefore obtained of the Holy Father that those who shall bring aid to Henry shall have remission of sins. Behold the sealed bull of the Pope. . . . Help Henry to subdue his enemies ; and you shall go to Paradise." Then, we read of " young and old, weak and strong, clamouring and stirring themselves with one accord, thinking that what was said was true ; for such as they, have little sense or knowledge. The archbishop invented this service." Popes and archbishops to-day are well out of Governments' *galères*.

[2] 2 *Henry IV*, iv, 5, 221. [3] *Henry V*, i, 2, 222.

at the processional giving of thanks.[1] He can weep over his own noblemen dying, kissing each other in death—nor has he insults for any enemy, if he has cruelty. "Who never spoke against a foe,"[2] might be said of him. The murdering of prisoners[3] is set down to a misunderstanding.

[1] The greatest gathering seemingly, and the most splendid spectacle, yet seen in London. A great castle hid Chepe Cross. From the castle came maidens with timbrels; dancing, and singing welcome to the "Kynge of England and Fraunce." On stages, all up the castle, bands of boys in white, stood, with shining wings to represent angels; and as Henry passed, they scattered wreaths of laurel, and golden coins, and sang *Te Deum*. Thence under a glorious canopy of blue the procession went on to St Paul's, maidens showering golden tinsel over the king, with cries of Noel, Noel. And at St Paul's fourteen bishops mitred sang *Te Deum*. And so to the Abbey church of Westminster where the king gave thanks at the Confessor's shrine.

[2] The praise of Tennyson's Great Duke.

[3] *Henry V*, iv. 7.

Every man was ordered to kill his prisoner. They refused. But not, it is said, from humanity and honour, rather for that they willed not to lose the ransom money. Therefore, an esquire and two hundred archers were ordered to do the killing; which they did in a manner described as "a fearful sight to see."

Drayton's *Agincourt* trifles with the fearsomeness:

> "While one is asking what the bus'ness is,
> Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry,
> He who detains him pris'ner, answers this:
> 'Monsieur, the king commands that you must die;
> This is plain English!' Whilst he's killing his
> He sees another on a Frenchman fly,
> And with a pole-axe dasheth out his brains,
> Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means."

These things need not be considered too curiously. For, as their historian Lingard notes, "the English left the next morning. . . . As they crossed the field of battle they killed such of the wounded as still retained any appearance of life."

The massacre of the French prisoners has been discussed; and may be discussed further, thus:

> In IV, 6, "But hark! what new alarum is this same?
> The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
> Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
> Give the word through."

In IV, 7: Fluellen says French fugitives have plundered the baggage and killed the boys in charge. So, says Gower, Henry has therefore "most worthily caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat."

The Chronicles say that some French horsemen (with 600 peasants), who had been first to fly, began the plundering—two of their leaders long imprisoned for this by Duke of Burgundy; though they offered him, from the plunder, a jewelled sword of Henry's. "But when the outcries of the lackies and boies, which ran away for feare of the Frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the king's ears, he doubting [fearing] least his enemies

Not that his flint-like firmness of his prince-days is not shown to the conspirators, cousin, and servant, and friend :

> Get you therefore hence,
> Poor miserable wretches, to your death.[1]

"Being incensed, he's flint." Pistol saw it. Bardolph felt it. "Yet in this great necessitie, the poore people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiement, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen," says the English chronicler, "except one, which was, that a souldiour tooke a pix (*sic*) out of a church, for which he was apprehended; and the king not once removed till the box was restored, and the offender strangled"—"one Bardolph, if your majesty know the

should gather togither againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies, to their takers in deed if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet that everie man (upon paine of death) should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." *V. Monstrelet.* The captors, in the sporting ransom-gambling chivalry of the time, wanting ransoms for the prisoners, and therefore not liking to kill; the two hundred archers being sent to do the work.

Then (IV, 7), as Fluellen and Gower are talking, the king comes again, orders a herald to go to some French horsemen to come down, or else he will attack them. "Besides . . .

> We'll cut the throats of those we have
> And not a man of them that we shall take,
> Shall taste our mercy."

Johnson remarks: "The king is in a very bloody humour. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again."

The Chronicles: "When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battel, readie to abide a new field, and also to invade and newlie set on their enimies; with great force they assailed the Earles of Marle and Fauconbridge and the Lords of Louraie and of Thine, with six hundred men of armes, who had all that daie kept togither, but [were] now slaine and beaten down out of hand. Some write that the king perceiving his enimies in one part to assemble togither, as though they meant to give a new battel for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them an herald, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once, and give battell: promising herewith, that if they did offer to fight againe, not onelie those prisoners which his people alreadie had taken; but also so manie of them as in this new conflict, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption."

This may explain Johnson's difficulty. It was a second batch of prisoners which Henry afterwards proposed to slay.

[1] *Henry V*, ii, 2, 177.

man." Whereat Mr Waller, as Henry V, sinks his head and eyes the ground; he, the king's son; but think of the poor sodden chanceless wretch.' "One catches the look on the face," says a sentimentalising, moralising critic, "that 'There, but for the grace of God, goes'" so-and-so, looking at a hurdle, to the hanging. "It is a fine illuminating touch," we are assured. But it is surely all piffle, says the spirit of this work-a-day flint, King Henry.

During the siege of Melun, the principal captives he had taken were sent by the English king to the French governor, to say that they would be put to death by the English, unless Melun surrendered to the overwhelming invaders' force. The governor refused. All the French prisoners were executed; Henry judging that, otherwise, such threats would not be efficacious. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, also mentions, that a great favourite of the English king's, a running footman always following Henry's horse, killed a knight in a quarrel; and that the king had his footman hanged without delay. At Compiègne, he heard of a plot to take Paris from him, "through the means of the wife of one of the King of France's armourers." She confessed. Henry had the woman "drowned for her demerits, as well as some of her accomplices." Holinshed further shows how, as Henry says, of war,

"The gates of mercy shall be all shut-up,"[1]

"how deerlie, dogs, rats, mise, and cats were solde within the town" (of besieged-by-English Rouen), "and how greedilie they were, by the poore people, eaten and devoured; and how the people dailie died for fault of food, and young infants laie sucking them in the streets on their moothers' breasts, being dead, starved for hunger. The reader might lament their extreme miseries. A great number"—12,000, we read—"of poore sillie [harmless] creatures were put out at the gates, which were, by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back

[1] *Henry V*, iii, 3 *passim*.

again to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them. And so they laie betweene the walls of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still [ever] crieing for helpe and reliefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died. Howbeit King Henry mooved with pitie, upon Christmasse daie, in the honor of Christes nativitie, refreshed all the poore people "—the few who were left alive, as we also read—" with vittels." But he would not let them pass through his lines to seek living in their land. " Many of the soldiers on either side had hearts more tender ; or, perhaps " (adds the Reverend Alfred Church in his *Henry the Fifth*), " it should be said, *intelligences less alive to the necessities of the military situation ; . . .* and secretly supplied the outcasts with such provisions as they could spare."

And as to Harfleur taken, Holinshed speaks of, there, " the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations, were driven ; insomuch as parents with their children, yoong maids and olde folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts (God wot) as put to their present shifts to seeke them a new abode. Besides that King Henrie caused proclamation to be made within his own dominions of England, that whosoever (either handicraftesman, merchantman, gentleman, or ploughman) would inhabit in Harfleur should have his dwelling given him gratis, and his heire after him also enjoy the like grace and favour ; insomuch that great multitudes flocked to the sea coasts, waiting wind and wether for their transportage into Harfleur." " This act of barbarity," Southey calls it, " was perpetrated by Henry, that he might people the town with English inhabitants." Sir Charles Dilke had it that " the Anglo-Saxon (*sic*) is the only extirpating race on earth." [1] Another English historian comfortably remarks : " All the inhabitants

[1] Should one now (after 1914-1918) be inclined to subscribe to Denifle—in *La désolation des églises monastères et hôpitaux en France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans* (written in some piping days of peace)—" Quand on considère l'ensemble de tous les maux racontés dans mon ouvrage, on ne s'imagine pas aujourd'hui comment il était possible d'en sortir. Que sont les malheurs d'aujourd'hui en comparison de ceux d'alors " ?

were suffered to go freely, unharmed, whither they would." Does this historian want to make sure of the Pharisee spirit being equally strong in his king; one of whose ordinances on his invading France had forbidden anyone, under pain of death, "to hurt or doo anie violence either to priests, women, or anie such as should be found without weapon or armour"? [1] Shakespeare's Henry, younger and older,

[1] At least Shakespeare does not put Henry as the "hero" of 1 *Henry IV*, iv, 2, 100 *sqq.* Peace is negotiated; proclaimed; Archbishop Scroop and Hastings against the King, Westmoreland and Prince John for the King—they drink mutual healths.

Archbishop. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
Westmoreland. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew
What pains I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Archbishop. I do not doubt you. . . .
A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For the both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Prince John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be dischargèd too. . . .
Westmoreland. The leaders having charge from you to stand
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Prince John. They know their duties.
Hastings. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
. . . . . .
Westmoreland. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason,
And you, lord archbishop—
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Archbishop. Will you thus break your faith?
Prince John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly [madly] brought here, and foolishly sent hence
. . . . . .
Some guard these traitors to the block of death."

And Shakespeare has words that the good easy archbishop might use: Othello's "Fool, fool, fool"; or Lear's "Woe that too late repents": as he is

"Struck to the heart with spite and sharp despair
Through proof late made of English faith."

It had been Richard II, to his promise-crammed, and then many-hanged people. It was to be Henry VIII, to his northern Catholics believing in his Christian word. Under George III Grattan disbanded his volunteers. And under. . . . (Can the Ethiopian change his skin?)

went straight into his action — bad or good; as we judge:

> " I am a soldier,
> A name that in my thoughts becomes me best.
> . . . . . .
> In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility;
> But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
> Then imitate the actions of the tiger."

Yet,

> " If it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most offending soul alive."

Such was war, to this king—pursuit of " honour." And

> " He to-day that sheds his blood with me
> Shall be my brother."

Still,

> " Wish not a man from England:
> God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
> As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
> For the best hope I have."

" It is warm work; and this day may be the last for any of us at a moment "—said Southey's Nelson—and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion—" But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

Quot homines tot sententiae. Be large-minded enough to consider that many men look at things very differently from the way you do. And yet, might not almost every one, as against any Henry in action—whatever be the apostolic mission in the invading mind—feel with (in that fifteenth century) *' The complaining of the poor commonalty and labourers of France '?*

> " Ah, princes, prelates, valiant lords,
> Lawyers and tradesfolk, small and great!
> Burghers and warriors girt with swords,
> Who fatten on our daily sweat!
> To labouring hinds some comfort give:
> Whate'er betide, we needs must live.

But live we cannot, long, we trow,
If God deny His powerful aid.
Against the poor man's cruel foe
Who doth our goods by force invade. . . .

Yea, Christians, sons of God we be,
Your brethren too. (Ye) who trust in wealth,
Rich tho' ye be, to death ye bow,
Ye little wis or when, or how." [1]

Feel, one must, with the poor Frenchman, in the English play on the earlier Hundred Years' War English invader, the fourteenth century Edward III.

" Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France !
Sweet flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandoned and expuls'd the land.
. . . So far as I did direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Cornfields and vineyards burning like an oven ;
And, as the leaking vapour in the wind
Turnèd aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes."

And these soldiers themselves ; at the tail of the hunt. There is the Petition of Thomas Hostell to Henry VI—given in Ellis's *Original Letters*, 2nd Series, i. 95 : " Beseecheth meekly your poor liegman and humble orator, Thomas Hostell, that in consideration of his services done to your noble progenitors, of full blessed memory, King Henry the Fourth, and King Henry the Fifth, whose souls God assoil, being at the Siege of Harfleur, there smitten with a springolt through the head, losing his one eye and his cheek broken. Also at the Battle of Agincourt, and after at the taking of the carracks on the sea, there with a gad of iron his plates smitten assunder and sore hurt, maimed and wounded, by means whereof he being sore feebled and debruised, now

[1] *Monstrelet*, V, 352. Cf., in these days, Tolstoy's *Christianity and Patriotism*.

fallen to great age and poverty, greatly indebted, and may not help himself, having not wherewith to be sustained nor relieved, but of gracious almasse, and being for his said services never yet recompensed nor rewarded, May it please your high and excellent grace, the premises tenderly considered, of your benign pity and grace, to relieve and refresh your said poor orator, as it shall please you with your most gracious almasse at the reverence of God, and in work of charity, and he shall devoutly pray for the souls of your said progenitors, and for your most noble high estate."

Indeed, there are many wise limits to idealizing pride, pomp and circumstance of war ; for the sake of both fighters and non-fighters. Now, as then, there are "neglected" heroes. If not as useless as they are looked on in peace, they need not be the idealized idols of war. Sir H. Nicholas, on Agincourt, notes how Henry V pawned jewels and plate as security for wages. "These contracts from the king's poverty, establish the degrading fact that the humblest esquire in his retinue would not embark under his banner without receiving half a year's wages in advance, or a piece of plate, etc., as security for payment. This caution must have arisen from experience of its necessity, . . . with some of our early monarchs." Joseph Clayton's recent *Economics for Christians* (p. 106), recalls such "heroes" after the wars ; when he speaks of to-day's unemployed, and the ever-recurring visits to the pawnshop—"the war medals won in the years 1914-1918 fetch just one shilling each ; and the pawnbroker has already more than he can hope to get rid of." About a century and a half before 1914-1924, Dr Johnson moralized : "If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might show his gains without (others') envy. But, at the conclusion of a ten years' war how are we recompensed for the deaths of multitudes and the expense of millions but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors and whose

palaces rise like exhalations? These are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich, as their country is impoverished." Yet, even of the subduers, "by conquest far and wide,"

> "What do these worthies,
> But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
> Peaceable nations, . . .
> Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
> Than those their conquerors who leave behind
> Nothing but ruin whereso'er they rove." [1]

"If men dead knew their fame, they themselves would then rather have wished to have stolen out of the world without noise, than to be put in mind that they have purchased the report of their actions in the world by rapine, oppression, and cruelty, by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul to the idle and insolent, and by having emptied the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filled them again with so many and so variable sorts of sorrows." [2]

Henry the Fifth of England died, on a wish to have gone to conquer another kingdom, the kingdom of Jerusalem. One note there was not in him, nor in Shakespeare's creation. It is in the words of Spenser's "Contemplation," to his Red Cross knight:

> "But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
> And high amongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
> Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
> And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field;
> For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrow yield."

After their words do ye. But after their acts do ye not.

[1] *Paradise Regained*, iii, 71. [2] Bacon: *The Fall of Empires*.

III

THE SOLDIER'S DUTY

(After the Henry V of Shakespeare)

Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth, of England, if he preaches, that

> " In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility,"

—even as Cuchulain, and Lancelot du Lac, and the typical meek knight, of Chaucer, overcomer, nevertheless of all his foes—would, yet, in war, be the one to

> " imitate the action of the tiger."

He is

> " a soldier,
> A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,"

—a soldier, the pitiless one we have seen, though pious. Religious, and a moralist, he is put before us, in Shakespeare. He is no " pagan " (as Suarez would say) to " think that war may be declared in order to win fame and riches." [1] He is, in his own words, " a Christian king." His conscience must be clear, that his war is just. He consults his moral theologians, in bounden duty. Yet Shakespeare's Henry

[1] Even a Mr George Bernard Shaw has written, in 1921 : " Are you going to tolerate secular education, which for the last fifty years has meant the very grossest materialism ? . . . If you have people legislating without any religious foundation, you will get the sort of thing we had from 1914 to 1920. When irreligious men control affairs, the danger of war is greatly increased. . . . The only remedy for war is religion carefully taught and inculcated."

is no "cold prig," to repeat the smart saying of the professor;[1] nor an indulger in "humbugging rant," as run the words of another modern. How far he is a human self-deceiver, the creator-dramatist does not discuss. But, that Henry assures himself he is acting in the right, "his cause just," and his "quarrel honourable," is the basis of the whole play; which, for character, as has been said, is the king. Shakespeare saw him, as when, on his very death-bed, the victor of Agincourt was heard to maintain, that "he went into the war, not for ambition, but for just motives, instructed by men of holiest life and wisest counsel, that he might act without danger to any soul."[2] Certainly, Henry had also assumed that it is lawful to be a soldier, and right to be a conqueror. This reproach of Milton's would touch him unheeded, that

> "They err, who count it glorious to subdue
> By conquest far and wide, to overrun
> Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
> Great cities by assault, . . .
> And all the flourishing works of peace destroy."

Louis XIV, in the year after Milton was gone—5 Mars, 1675—had to hear, as had Madame de Maintenon, who tells of it, "une belle déclamation du Père Mascaron. Il a parlé

[1] Gervinus speaks of Henry's "unassuming nature," and sees "that grand feature in Henry's character, that profound modesty."

[2] His later cousin, the eighth Henry, would spare naught for his will; but even such an one as he—whose "conscience has crept too near another lady"—explains:

> "that's to say,
> I meant to rectify my conscience . . .
> By all the reverend fathers of the land,
> And doctors learn'd."

Louis XIV closed his life with words to be read in all the pulpits of France: "I have shewn the whole of Europe that I desired only to bring them the blessings of peace."

To-day, says Tolstoy's 1894 *Christianity and Patriotism*, "the words of war-preparing allies are always one and the same: 'Our object is only peace, not *revanche*, the blessings of peace, the security of peace, the tranquillity and peace of Europe. We love both the army and peace, and the commander of the squadron.' There has not been one speech nor one article in which it has not been stated that the object of all these orgies—Franco-Russian—is the peace of Europe."

un peu trop fortement contre les conquérants, et nous a dit qu'un héros était un voleur qui faisait à la tête d'une armée ce que les larrons font tout seul. Notre maître [Louis XIV] n'en a pas été content."

Henry the Fifth's bishops did not try to insert the canker thought, of a conqueror's nothingness, into the bud of the English king's purpose to win France. (The English Archbishop of Dublin was one of Henry's envoys to declare his absolute right to France.) He was 'Christian,' as he says; but he had no thoughts, when started, except for the war—under God. It would not have been the moment for a Bossuet, with: "Ce vainqueur, enflé de ses titres, tombera lui-même à son tour entre les mains de la mort. . . . Du creux des tombeaux des vaincus sortira cette voix, qui foudroie toutes les grandeurs: 'Vous êtes devenu semblable à nous.'" Yet lawful war for Bossuet was glorious; "et lorsqu'un Roi est contraint de faire la guerre il la fait avec rigueur." Indeed there is more reality in Henry of England's determination to be a conqueror (not utterly forgetful of death), than in many a funeral oration on others too much worshipped, and thoughtlessly, in life. Henry himself, though he "gentlie granted" safe conduct to the Archbishop of Bourges, and sent him away with handsome presents, yet spoke out, to this envoy of the French king, that "I little esteem your French brags. . . . I know perfectlie my right to my region which you usurpe. . . . Tell the usurper your master that within three months I will enter into France as into mine own true and lawfull patrimoine . . . to aquire the same, not with brag of words, but with deeds of men, and dint of sword, by the aid of God, in whome is my whole trust and confidence."

"O king!"—had said the French archbishop; in what Holinshed called his "blustering brag"; though Henry, when the archbishop had said, "Sir, if it will not offend you I will reply to you," tells him to answer boldly—"O king! how canst thou with honour and justice thus wish to dethrone, and iniquitously destroy the most Christian King

of the French, our very dear and most redoubted lord, the noblest and most excellent of all the kings in Christendom. . . . Whenever thou shalt make thy promised attempt, he will call upon God, the blessed virgin, and on all the saints, making his appeal to them for the justice of his cause—and with their aid, thou wilt be driven out of his dominions, or thou wilt be made prisoner, or thou wilt there suffer death by order of that just king whose ambassadors we are." "'Tis I am the true king," said Henry. And then the bold archbishop shrank not from this further thrust: "Sir, the king of France, our sovereign lord, is the true king of France. And with respect to those things to which you say you have a right, you have no lordship, not even to the kingdom of England, which belongs to the true heirs of the late king Richard, the Earl of March; nor with you can our sovereign lord safely treat."

Presents; after that! ('Progress,' in 1914! And the then smashing windows of embassies; and the burning of embassies.)

Yet Henry would be no more a mere conqueror, than would a king Alfred, who added to his Boethius' *De Consolatione*, the words: "Never without fear, difficulties, and sorrows, has a king wealth and power. To be without these, and yet have these, were happy. But I know, that cannot be." And Henry, seeing where stands a king, cries aloud, as we have heard him before:

> "Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
> Our debts, our careful wives,
> Our children and our sins, lay on the king!
> We must bear all. O hard condition,
> Twin born with greatness . . .
> . . . What infinite heart's-ease
> Must kings neglect—that private men enjoy." [1]

[1] Later in Henry's century, Philippe de Commines, on Louis XI (*ob.* 1483): "I knew this mighty king, and served him in the flower of his age, and in his great prosperity; yet never saw I him free from toil of body and trouble of mind." "Princes," thought Bacon, "are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest."

Not that this moral-theologian conqueror will admit it fair, that he answer for his subjects' sins—" Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own." Every subject's soul, and every king's soul ; in the true human equality, the Christian ; " ' they are my blody brethren,' quod pieres, ' for God boughte vs alle.' " The subject is free, free in his soul. Henry's Christian kingship was not the pagan Stuart divine right of James I's *Basilikon Doron*, attacking the Catholic Jesuit theologians, Suarez and Bellarmine—the former of whom approves " the great canonists and casuists who agree that the prince has that power of law-giving which the people have given him." The royal dignity (answers that English Solomon, or Pontifex Maximus, King James) " is at once civil and ecclesiastical ; the king is not a simple laic, as the papists, anabaptists and puritans fancy in their dreams." " The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom," had, to him, answered St Thomas. And Balmes (in *Protestantism and Catholicity compared, in their effects on the Civilisation of Europe*, p. 456) notes how the Inquisition in Spain—in 1624, the last year of James I in England—caused retraction to be made by a preacher (who had said, in presence of the Catholic King, that kings have absolute power over the persons of their subjects) ; and made him read out, that " kings have no other power over their subjects than what is given them by the divine and human law ; they have no power proceeding from their own free and absolute will." Jurieu (d. 1713), the Huguenot divine, is quoted by de Lamennais, saying : " It is certain that princes are born heads of the Christian Church, as well as of civil society, equally masters of the religion as of the State." (Though Jurieu—in the interest of monarchy—did attack Louis XIV's despotic rule.) " Il est Roi," was said (as reminds us, M. Louis Bertrand, in his recent eulogy of Louis XIV)—" c'est à dire un être extraordinaire intermédiaire entre l'homme et Dieu, dépositaire de l'autorité divine. Les parlementaires et les protestants eux-mêmes (par opposition

au Saint Siège) lui répètent qu'il tient son autorité directement de Dieu, que nul pouvoir ne peut délier ses sujets de la fidélité qu'ils lui doivent. . . . Ils lui disent qu'il est 'un Christ vivant,' un 'maître adorable.' On oublie tout cela quand on parle de l'orgueil de Louis XIV. On oublie que la nation exigeait qu'il se crût tout cela, afin de pouvoir le dresser contre le Pape." About a decade ago, were recorded words of the German Emperor to his troops: "The soldier should not have a will of his own; but all of you should have one will, and that is my will. There exists only one law, and that is my law."

With what ideal of mediæval monarchy the then ruling Church agreed, in her striving to set up a law of right, binding all, may be illustrated by the sending of Lords and Commons, including the Duke of Gloucester and the Bishop of Ely, to Richard II, to declare to that king, "on behalf of your people, that it is permitted by ancient statute, seen in very deed not so long ago"—a grim recalling, with dramatic irony, of Richard's great-grandfather, Edward II—"that if the king shall alienate himself from his people by malignant counsel, foolish contumacy, contempt or wanton waywardness; and shall be unwilling to be governed and guided by the laws and statutes of the realm, with the wholesome advice of the lords and peers, but stubbornly, in his evil counsels, exercise his own singular will—then it shall be lawful for them, with the common consent of the people of the realm, to depose him, and place on the throne some near kinsman of the royal house."

O Tudors! O Stuarts! O Bourbons! O Jesuit haters and hunters! In the year 1534, of Ignatius and his fellows' world-defying vows at Montmartre, Henry VIII set himself up as an independent law on faith and morals. No wonder if James I, in the next age even, had to burn the writings of the Jesuit Suarez. And it was no soul-jailer would have beatified (as of late, Pope Pius XI) the Jesuit Bellarmine, he who taught:

"It depends upon the consent of the people to ordain over them a king, council, or other magistrates."

"If there be lawful cause, the people may change the kingdom into an aristocracy or a democracy."

"If the positive law be taken away, there is no reason why, amongst a multitude who are equal, one rather than another should rule over the rest."

"Secular or civil power is instituted by man. The power is immediately in the people. It is in the people unless they bestow it upon a prince. The Divine Law hath given this power to no particular man."

Sir Robert Filmer, the Stuarts' monarchy man, in his *Patriarcha*, denounced that summary of Jesuit doctrines. But Thomas Jefferson, the American rebel, a century and a half later, in his copy of the *Patriarcha*, annotated them as approved, and in the 1776 Declaration of Independence, wrote:

"Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

"When any form of government becomes destructive of their ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it, and to institute a new government."

And yet, the unmediæval theory of the Divine Right of Kings to govern wrong, was raising its voice even in the Middle Ages; and Jack Cade's 1450 grievances of rebels were, that

"*Item.* They say that our Soveraigne lord is above his lawe, and that the law is made to his pleasure.

Item. They say whom the Kynge wille, schall be traytours, and whom he wulle none schalle be none."

And the poor Christian folk to cry out:

"God be oure gyde and then schull we spede . . .
God seende us a ffayre day—Awey, traytours, awey!"

They rise in dark and evil days. Dark and evil deeds they do.

Shakespeare's mediæval monarch, Henry V—when going about, at night, with something of his earlier companion-loving way, and with his desire to feel a man among his men

—uses the words already quoted, concerning the burden on the king. A poor soldier had suggested, that the king would be judged, at the last day, as responsible for soldiers dying, in his service, in mortal sin. Not so, says Henry; sons and servants, thus dying, cannot lay their damnation on those who sent them forth; nor sinful soldiers theirs on kings. Ruffians and blackguards may be soldiers. But, "if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's soul is his own." And it is not the whole truth (says Henry) to affirm —with another of his wretched soldiers—that "if the king's cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us." For, I am I.

Shakespeare, here, no more places natural for supernatural, and no more confounds nature and grace, than when he shows the elder Hamlet praised as a true and noble husband, father and king, yet pitied as a soul that may be lost. Not otherwise than St Augustine, weighing things eternal and things of time, and standing as man before God, would, at first, hint, in his reverence and godly fear, that his soul is troubled even for his saintly mother, one child of Eve.

The excellent though blundering author of *Westward Ho!* confounded such things blindly; though, if Kingsley was muscular, and also greatly gifted in mind, he wished, even more, to be truly Christian. Nevertheless, notwithstanding that he read: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" he wrote: "Farewell to chivalry, and to desperate valour, farewell to patriotism and loyalty, farewell to England and the manhood of England, if once it shall become the fashion of our preachers to bid every man, as the Jesuits do, take care first of what they call the safety of their souls. Every man will be afraid to die at his post, because he will be afraid that he is not fit to die." Dying at his post won't make him "fit to die," answers, to the English 'Lutheran' divine, the English 'Jesuit' king: "Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every

mote out of his conscience ; and dying so, death is to him advantage." And was Henry the less of a man, or Hamlet either, because they thought more of the soul than of the body ? And were the Jesuit martyrs of North America—Jogues, Breboeuf, Lallemant—soon after the days of Kingsley's British buccaneers, the less brave ; for all their Jesuitism, their Christianity, their common sense ? Even the Paris bourgeois *Le Temps*, of our time, can " not see any possible utility in *diminishing the strength and courage* of our sailors, by ostentatiously placarding official *scorn of the source* whence they borrow it "—when the French Government, before the war, was forcing the sailors from their traditional observance of Good Friday. The French Government of the summer of 1924 has followed suit. On St John's Day, as usual, some French fishing fleets were blessed by a bishop, accompanied by clergy, and by the people in their picturesque dress ; and by the Maritime Authorities. Here was the rock of offence. In the name of the uniformity, called *liberté*, the new Ministre de la Marine telegraphed his displeasure, at the breach of the pretence called *neutralité*. Perhaps Kingsley, who was so good a parson, though he had Jesuits on the brain, and rushed at the priest Newman—*impar ingressus Achilli*—did not think enough, to weigh and consider Shakespeare's Henry's words, on soldiers and their souls. Kingsley wrote : " Christ is the Lord of Hosts, the God of armies ; and whoever fights in a just war has Christ for his Captain and his Leader." And he probably meant, not only that, but that such a fighter would save his soul, or—if he prefers it—in plain terms, go to heaven. Truly we may repeat : " Every subject's duty is the king's." " *But* . . ." And there is much virtue in ' but.' Here, however, in our day, comes a Roman Cardinal—Mercier—explicitly, as it seems, to preach the confusion which Henry saw through : " If I am asked," has said this Belgian patriot, " what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not

hesitate to reply, that, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valour ; and that death accepted in this Christian (*sic*) spirit assures the safety of that man's soul." Thus adding to the great pagan Coriolanus's natural words : " Brave death outweighs bad life." [1] But this is not so ; as Henry would answer, troubling his logical Christian head about soldiers not all unspotted, and about the valorous and the brave that are raiders, and robbers, and murderers. " If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it," said the English murder-gang, going among the Scottish victim peasants, in the valley of Glencoe.[2] Quite so, says King Henry ; for that massacre's policy. Whether the policy be just or unjust, those who are themselves food for powder, have not to say. Still, the king says, for your own souls you must answer. Kingsleyism, though Cowper lived before a Kingsley's time, is the butt of that quiet poet's irony, about all this canonisation of fine fellows ; as if very nice people could not be very abandoned souls.

> " Right, says the ensign ; . . .
> The best of every man's performance here
> Is to discharge the duties of his sphere . . .
> A soldier's best is courage in the field ; . . .
> Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay ;
> An hand as lib'ral as the light of day.
> The soldier thus endowed, who never shrinks,
> Nor closets up his thought (whate'er he thinks),
> Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
> Must go to heav'n." [3]

Whatever is true, that isn't true. Common sense enlightens, to an agreement, both the impious and the pious, to make

[1] An ordinary half-paganised, sentimental English lady said she heard why Lord Roberts died, just then—" to welcome the young soldiers killed in the war." At which folly, revolted the common sense (and also, of course, the Catholicism) of a young widow of the war.

[2] Up-to-date English murder-gangs of police and their auxiliaries in Ireland do not seem to have even so far troubled their heartless heads. Nor their sincerest flattering Irish imitators, in the 1922-23 Tragedies of Kerry.

[3] *Hope*, ii, 397 *sqq*.

that denial. Otherwise, indeed, it might be the canonisation of Pistol, with his :

> " Yoke-fellows in arms
> Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys.
> To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck."

But thou art in a parlous state, Pistol : " those who rush off to the wars for money, having no conscience about plundering and murdering, are in the plain way of damnation." To that effect, in the end of that century of the Hundred Years' War, the pre-' Jesuitry ' of Cardinal Cajetan, Dominican General. And to this effect—as to soldiering and soldiers' souls—another to-be Cardinal, who sometimes " burned to be a soldier," the Oxford Newman, preaching on ' The Religion of the Pharisee the Religion of Mankind ' : " The great mass of men . . . know not the words contrition, penance, and pardon ; they think and argue that, after all, if a man does his duty in the world, according to his vocation, he cannot fail to go to heaven, however little he may do besides ; nay, however much, in other matters he may do that is undeniably unlawful. Thus a soldier's duty is loyalty, obedience, and valour, and he may let other matters take their chance ; of a gentleman are required veracity, courteousness, and self-respect ; of a public man, high-principled ambition. . . Now, all these are instances of mere Pharisaical excellence ; because there is no apprehension of Almighty God, no insight into His claims on us, no sense of the creature's shortcomings, no self-condemnation, confession, and deprecation. . . . This religion of the natural man is based on self-sufficiency, and results in self-satisfaction."

Is the passage in the text, " Every subject's duty is the king's," Shakespeare's answering to Cardinal Allen's defence of Sir William Stanley [1] for surrendering Deventer to the

[1] Sir William Stanley, 1548-1630—V. *Dictionary of National Biography*—of an English family remaining Catholic. Volunteer under Alva, 1567-1570 ; when he left Spanish service. For fifteen years in service of Elizabeth, serving Grey in Ireland ; and, though always Catholic, taking part in hunting down the Earl of Desmond. Writes to Walsingham that he had

Spaniards? That English Cardinal's purpose was to show that no Catholic soldier could plead the command of a heretic sovereign to serve against Catholics. He hardly speaks on "every subject's soul is his own." Yet it is this, that is the subject-matter of Henry's argument for the individual soul's responsibility to self under God. The Shakespeare Society's editor of this play says that, truly. He adds: "While the soldier's duty in relation to a heretic prince is not even alluded to." Perhaps he forgets to add, also, that Shakespeare may not have wished to read post-Reformation conditions, and the existence of Protestant princes, back into the days when such things were not.

However, the whole matter of lawful and lawless war cannot be absent from the mind of the *Henry V* reader—not to say, the lawfulness of war at all.

"Ez fur war, I call it murder." [1]

In spite of the fact that one finds St Maurice and his martyred legion, A.D. 206, saying to the Emperor Maximian that though they would not obey him in offering sacrifices to the gods, yet they were bound by soldiers' duty to him; after their duty to God binding them to keep themselves from all sin—which duty to God was the cause, they said, of their faithfulness to the emperor—yet there is a not unnatural, and, *a fortiori*, a Christian instinct, against war; a feeling,

hanged 300 'rebels,' and so terrified the Irish that "a man might now travel the whole country and none molest him" (!). Disappointed at not getting more Desmond spoil. Recruited Irish—1400 of them—for England against Spain in Netherlands. At Zutphen, when Sir P. Sidney was killed; and Leicester says he was worth his weight in pearl. Took Deventer from Spaniards. Made Governor; with 1200 of a garrison, mostly Irish Catholics. On January 29, 1587, surrendered Deventer to Spaniards. His garrison nearly all entered Spanish service. Elizabeth seems, just before, to have been thinking of making him Viceroy of Ireland. He went to Spain, and recommended Ireland as base of Spanish Armada invasion of England. In 1591 met Cardinal Allen and others plotting to put down Elizabeth's tyranny over Catholic English. Guy Fawkes, of, later, Gunpowder Plot, was his subaltern officer. But Stanley himself seems to have been trying to get pardoned by James I's government. His grandson got back the English estates. He himself died, at Ghent; and had a funeral there, public and splendid.

[1] Lowell's *Biglow Papers*.

if not a conclusion. In Erasmus's words: "Nothing is more ridiculous, accursed, base; in short, more unworthy of a man, not to say a Christian, than war." At the other Christian pole, Tertullian (*ob.* c. 230) had had that instinct; saying, that when Christ disarmed Peter, He disarmed soldiers. (Yet Tertullian acknowledged that there were Christian soldiers.) The early Christians, as a whole, had no praise for war, rather praise for refraining therefrom. There is, by St Basil (*ob.* 379), one ὁμελία εἰς τούς ἀλίους τεσσαράκοντα μάρτυρες—soldiers that had refused to serve. St Basil kept from communion for three years, soldiers that had fought. And the Council of Nicæa (325) had set among penitents, for thirteen years (as maximum), soldiers that had gone back to the profession of arms. But this long penance was for their taking part in idolatry.[1] Still, St Augustine (*ob.* 430) argues somewhat as Henry V, concerning the soldier's duty; limiting it, however, of course, against doing what is wrong *per se.* "Cùm ergo vir justus, si forte sub rege homine etiam sacrilego militet, recte possit illo jubente bellare civicae pacis ordinem servans; cui quod jubetur, vel non esse contra dei praeceptum certum est, vel utrum sit, certum non est: ita ut fortasse reum regem faciat iniquitas imperandi, innocentem autem militem ostendat ordo serviendi." (Lib. xxii, *Contra Faustum*, cap. 75.)[2]

[1] So judges Vanderpol: *La Guerre devant le christianisme;* suivi d'une traduction of the *De Jure Belli*, of Victoria (Tralin, Paris), p. 60.

[2] Anyway, St Augustine's City of God is not of this world; and he asks (v. 17): "What skills it in respect of this short and transitory life under whose dominion a mortal man doth live, so he be not compelled to acts of impiety or injustice? . . . What does conquering, or being conquered, hurt, or profit men's lives, manners, or dignities? I see no good it does, but only adds to their intolerable vainglory."

(*Ib.*, xlx, 7): "A wise man, they say, will wage none but just war! . . . The remembrance that he himself is a man ought to make him the more sorry that he has cause for his just war; . . . seeing it is the other men's wickedness that makes his cause just. . . . Wherefore he that does look with pity on all dreadful sorrow and bloodshed, must needs say it is a mystery. He, however, who endures them without feeling of sorrow, giving them no thought, is far more wretched, imagining he has the bliss of a god, while he has lost the natural feeling of a man." And truly, had said St John Chrysostom (*ob.* 407), soldiers outrage God with their daily violence, their looting and plundering; happy in others' misery; wolves, rather than men, feeding on blood, their souls in a turmoil of evil

He adds, indeed, in the *De Civitate Dei*, that as to crushing people who have committed no act of aggression against you, just to make yourself lord and master over them—that is nothing but the plundering of savages. But one may add, all wars are represented as punishment of bad people. And Henry V, " King of England and France," wrote to " Charles our cousin and adversary of France," that " We appeal to the Sovereign Judge, that we have done everything to preserve the peace. . . . We will fight to death in the cause of justice. . . . Restore what thou owest ; for such is the will of God, to prevent this effusion of the blood of man who was created in His likeness." And to his prisoner, the Duke of Orleans : Never was there greater sin than now in France : no wonder God is wroth at it : " God gave me victory over the French, not that I deserved it ; but because, as I fully believe, He wished to punish them." Henry—fairly or unfairly—was doing what the Christian tradition, as expressed by theologians, said he had to do : weigh and con-

passions ; proud and insolent, jealous of their equals, intolerable to those under them ; their life nothing but robbery, brutality, shameless lying, mean and cowardly flattery.

We hear much, from the time of Ruskin and Carlyle, concerning the excellent moral effect of barrack-drill and barrack-life. But we have also contrary testimonies from those who have shared and championed that life. Militarism—so they tell—may be as demoralising to the soldier as to the civilian. " Soldiers as a class (I take the town-bred, slum-bred majority, mind) are men who have discarded the civil standard of morality altogether. They simply ignore it. This is, no doubt, why civilians fight shy of them. In the game of life they don't play according to the same rules. . . . In soldiers' eyes lying, theft, drunkenness, bad language, etc., are not evils at all. They steal like jackdaws. As to language, I used to think the language of a merchant ship's fo'c'sle pretty bad, but the language of Tommy, in point of profanity, quite equals, and in point of obscenity, beats it hollow. . . . Lying he treats with the same large charity. To lie like a trooper is quite a sound metaphor. . . . Looting, again, is one of his perpetual joys. Not merely looting for profit "—as when he burnt Cork, in 1920, and sent bales of loot to England—" but looting for the sheer fun of destruction, etc. . . . Are thieving and lying and looting and bestial talk very bad things ? If they are, Tommy is a bad man. But, for some reason or other, *since I got to know him, I have thought rather less of the iniquity of these things than I did before.*" Thus the late L. Marr-Phillips, *With Remington*, pp. 131-132, quoted in Mr J. A. Hobson's *Imperialism* (1902), p. 142. The latter comments : " This judgment is itself a striking comment on militarism. The fact that it should be given by a man of sterling character and culture is the most convincing testimony to the corrupting influence of war."

sider if he was going to war justly; not judging (as his listeners have heard him say) without the soundest and justest advice of other men.

Since the last European War, there was published in England a pamphlet, *Nationalism and Catholicism*, by Lord Hugh Cecil (Macmillan, 1919). The pamphlet may be said to be on our text, concerning a subject's duty and a subject's soul. The soldier, if not the Christian citizen in peace (pp. 19, 45), "is required to have no will and no conscience, in the operations he undertakes at the bidding of his superiors" (p. 10).[1] Henry perhaps went as far as this—in practice. Though he says "duty," and declares that he meddles with no man's conscience. Henry may be Catholic in best and wisest tradition. Of course, Lord Hugh Cecil, of the note below, is (at least for English soldiers) but Bourbon-Catholic, Napoleonic-Catholic; not to say Stuart-Anglican. But early in Shakespeare's century, that

[1] Lord Hugh Cecil—absurdly, as it would seem—compares unrestricted self-surrender (under conscienceless politicians and ambitious militarists), with voluntary submission (when without transgression of divine law), under religious superiors. He says, that "this subordination of the individual," "with no will and no conscience," "exists elsewhere, and notably among monks, and members of religious societies like the Society of Jesus" (p. 8). And he says, quite blindly or quite unreasonably (on p. 28): "A man sets aside conscience in obedience to the State; *just as*, if he be a Roman Catholic, he sets aside private judgment in obedience to the Church," not seeing, or not allowing, that the "Roman Catholic" is acting out the author's own principle (p. 19) that "the incorporation of the individual in the State is indeed a sort of idolatry," but "the Christian is taught to believe that he is incorporate in Christ; . . . and this, well, only because Christ is perfect and divine." If the Church is not the Body and the Mind of Christ, and perfect and divine, then indeed incorporation therein is a sort of idolatry; and destroys the non-Roman Catholic author's illogical plea for such incorporation (p. 43).

Out of the East and its pitiful folly of national religions, come the words of the Russian patriot Soloviev—feeling for his country as a lover or a child—tracing the defeats of Russia's Church to "a stupid and ignorant kind of national pride, . . . that new idolatry, that mad epidemic of nationalism that is urging nations to worship their own image instead of the supreme and universal Godhead." "Christianity admits the permanence of national life, and the rights of nations, but condemns the nationalism that is in a nation, what egotism is in an individual. . . . This spirit of national egotism is not easily overcome." "People fear the truth because it is Catholic—*i.e.*, universal—and they desire to have at all costs a religion apart, a something distinctively Russian," or English, or Ku-Klux-Klan American.

teacher of theologians, the Spaniard, Franciscus de Victoria, O.P. (b. 1480), condemner of his own Spaniards for taking the lands of the American-Indians in unjust war, wrote, in *De Jure Belli*, and has been cited, during this last war, as laying down, that if a subject is convinced of the injustice of a war, he ought not to serve in it, even on the command of a prince. True, he could receive Henry into his flock ; for he adds, that, commonly, lesser folk may rely on the opinion of their betters, who are indeed bound to examine the war's justice. Pope Adrian VI (*ob.* 1523), that broken-hearted, rigid moralist, in the age of Julius II and Leo X, came to say, that a subject may not serve in a war, about whose justice he is even in doubt. Disobedience (Pope Adrian said) is better than murder. But if he is in doubt, that is the very case where the conscientious objector should serve with free conscience, answered Victoria. The inflexible Pope did not, perhaps, consider, that, if the subject was in doubt as to the justice of the war, he might not be at all in doubt, thus, as to his duty in serving therein.[1] So at least Henry V (that

[1] Speaking generally, following Victoria—as the Rev. W. Kent, O.S.C., on ' The Ethics of Patriotism ' (*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct., 1900), says : " It is the principle of moral theology that, although no one can lawfully take part in a war which he certainly knows to be unjust, the soldier "—anyway the soldier in low position—" is safe in obeying his orders." So, again, for instance, Scavini—*Theologia Moralis Universa*, IV, 272—" Milites (non voluntarii) debent obedire suis superioribus ubi peccatum non est certum—quamdiu nulla vehemens suspicio occurrit in contrarium—nam certum est et possidet jus superioris."

And Wetzer and Welte's *Theological Encyclopaedia*—that " The Church has always allowed military service " ; the opposition in the first centuries being, they add (with a half-truth), from the fear of the idolatry in the pagan army. And these writers see, in any religious opposition to the profession of arms, a confusion between man as an individual and as a member of the State. A Christian should love enemies, presumably ; but certain men are enemies to him as a member of the State, and are fought against by him as such.

Still Tertullian, the Montanist, *De Corona Militis*, cap. xi, does not limit his opposition by fear of idolatry ; though that fear was present ; " Vexillum quoque portabit aemulum Christi ? Et signum postulabit a principe, qui iam a deo accepit ? . . . Quanta alia inde delicta circumspici possunt castrensium munium transgressioni interpretanda ! Ipsum de castris lucis in castra tenebrarum nomen deferre transgressionis est. (Plane, si quos militia praeventos fides posterior invenit, alia conditio est, ut illorum, quos Johannes admittebat ad lavacrum, ut centurionum fidelissimorum, quem Christus probat et quem Petrus catechisat). . . .

dutiful son of the Church, as he meant to be, and honest moralist as he is presented in the play) would say, once more: "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier do in the wars as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare." [1] Williams, who, before, was

Nec enim delictorum impunitatem aut martyrum immunitatem militia promittit. . . . Nulla est necessitas deliquendi, quibus una est necessitas non deliquendi. . . . Si omni ope expulero militiam, frustra iam de corona militari provocarim." One and the same soul cannot serve two masters, God and the Emperor; so he concludes in *De Idolatria*, cap. xix.

And Lecky: *History of European Morals*, II, 248, notes, concerning Fathers mentioned above, and others: "Of this military religion (of the Greeks) Christianity had been at first the extreme negation." He adds—mixing dates of saints and schismatics, for over a century—"Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, and Basil maintained that all warfare was unlawful for those who had been converted to Christianity; . . . and Maximilianus suffered death (A.D. 296) under Diocletian solely because, having been enrolled as a soldier, he declared that he was a Christian, and that therefore he could not fight—'Non possum militare, non possum malefacere; Christianus sum. . . . Non milito; caput militis praecide, non milito saeculo, sed milito deo meo.'" See his Acts, cited in Harnack's *Militia Christi, Die Christliche Religion und der Soldatenstand in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten*, p. 114. (I desire to express thanks here to Professor Alfred O'Rahilly for kindly letting me see that and other modern books on this question.) At the same time there can be no question that many Christians from a very early date, did enlist in the army, and they were not cast off from the Church. . . . A Council of Arles, under Constantine, condemned soldiers who through religious motives deserted their colours; and St Augustine threw his great influence into the same scale. But, of course, after the epoch of Constantine, and the beginning of Christian empire. St Gregory the Great (*ob.* 604), also; as in the allusion in the *Breviary*—March 12—"Mauritium imperatorem, eos qui milites fuissent, monachos fieri prohibentem, a sententia deterruit."

In any case, however, a modern theologian may, perhaps, be cited: "I always think, questions about fighting, patriotism, etc., are included among those of which it is said, Mundum tradidit Deus disputationibus eorum. . . . I should think therefore that ancient treatises or decrees are not of any extraordinary value on such questions. They are of course valuable as giving the mind of the most enlightened and best of the Christians of the times. I do not know that any great weight would have to be attached to their assertions—in these matters. It is the reasons which they may allege that would have to be examined."

[1] This Henry of Shakespeare's thinking recalls these things a bit more, than does the typical man of war in the Oxford Sermon on 'The Indi-

irritated and puzzled by a soldier's double duty, and his lot and his fate—saying, " I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument ? " and adding, " if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to do it ; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection "—is now, by Henry's argument, calmed and satisfied : " 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head ; the king is not to answer it."

viduality of the Soul ' : " Nothing is more difficult than to realise that every man has a distinct soul, that every one of all the millions who live or have lived, is as whole and independent a being in himself as if there were no one else in the whole world but he. To explain what I mean : Do you think that a commander of an army realises it when he sends a body of men on some dangerous service ? I am not speaking as if he were wrong in so sending them ; I only ask in matter of fact, does he, think you, commonly understand that each of these poor men has a soul, a soul as dear to himself, as precious in its nature, as his own ? Or does he not rather look on the body of men collectively as one mass, as parts of a whole, as but the wheels or springs of some great machine, to which he assigns individuality, not to each soul that goes to make it up ? "

IV

THE IRISH IN HENRY V

"THE stage Irishman of Ben Jonson and Dekker was a comic footman—Shakespeare represented a soldier and a gentleman." So Mr Justice Madden's too broad contrast. And, no doubt, Shakespeare, looking at his Captain Macmorris, of two centuries before his own time, had his eye on his Irish in the days of his Elizabeth, as much as had his fellow-dramatists; on Spenser's Irish, "very great scorners of death"; on Stanihurst's "excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, and very glorious [*tout pour la gloire*]; . . ." on Dekker's "knaves, very faithful when they love; by my faith, very proper [handsome] men many of them, and as active as the clouds; stout [bold], exceeding stout, precious wild villains."

Therefore, use these brave and poor and faithful and hero-worshipping men; pay them, or bribe them, if not with money, yet with proffered adventures, not to say plunder. Turn their foolish eyes upon the ends of the earth. Make them forget their fathers' house; from Kingsley's *Water Babies*' Paddy, so kindly, but oh! how shockingly untruthful—how un-English, as Kingsley does not fail to reflect—down to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, accepted, for the English stage, as a happy-go-lucky who would do no dirty action. And so, back to Captain Macmorris, "a soldier and a gentleman, but 'an ass'." This last word can be adopted by Canon Hannay; and yet is a word too nonsensical, rising out of the Irish novelist's grudge against Shakespeare, at 'an ass' being the dramatist's only Irishman. "By Cheshu,

he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog," is the judgment of the brave Welsh pedant.[1] And yet, says the English captain, this Irishman is "a very valiant gentleman, i' faith." Certainly, a man, he is, of passionate feelings rather than of cool judging, of a strong arm rather than of a theorising or calculating tongue. And of course his speech bewrays him; as does the *sh* for *s*, but also the *t* and the *d* for *th*, of Shakespeare's contemporary Teagues, costermonger exiles in London.[2]

"Tish ill done . . . it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour." "It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. . . . 'Tis shame to stand still; it is shame by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!"

A lover of wars, not quite a cut-throat; but not with Othello's ambition made virtue. Something as his countryman, Sir Lucius, was a lover of duels decently done. They are brave tools, for those who call for battles that they themselves are not to fight, and are fine followers of leaders that stand to gain the glory. They are of no man's land; yet proud, resentful, explosive, helpless. They are the Irish that are the mercenaries, the slaves, the useful-despised, the tolerated servants; the exploited friends, the flattered, the admired; while on the leash, and while running the appointed course. They are the half-ashamed-of-themselves —these dogs with collars.

And Jamy, the Scot, "wad full fain hear some question 'tween you twae," from Wales and Ireland.

Fluellen: Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction there is not many of your nation——

[1] *Henry V*, iii, 2.

[2] "Fare dee well, fare dee well, I will never see dyne own sweet face more"—says Dekker's Bryan to a foreign master.

Macmorris:[1] Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

That is an outburst. What, the cause thereof? Is it absolutely the anti-Irishman, with soul so dead? The brave flunkey, a foundling-Janissary, or some impious apostate? Was Macmorris, in military life, as a Dr Duigenan in civil, or as some Irish imperialist of to-day, whose love has rotted into hate? Or is it the far commoner, sad self-consciousness, of the Irishman of no bad heart, serving the English, yet sensitive for Ireland, trying to serve two masters; a Mr Facing-both-ways; the Irishman half-ashamed of himself; as, indeed, at least one English *Henry V* editor suggests? He has gained contempt from the English, or their complete indifference to him and his, except when called up for use.[2]

(Yet, it was not merely to have Ireland spitted on England's sword, that he joined up, to serve England in twentieth century France. Though, the less said, then and there, about his Ireland, the better.)

Remember, that if this scene dates from 1599, Macmorris's excitement at talk of his nation, could not be an outburst of the conquered, confessing his native nothingness—a suggestion, indeed, for some non-existent prosaic Shakespeare, and for his (in that case) no less prosaic Irish creation—seeing that then was the prouder day of resistance by Shane O'Neill, and of Elizabeth's sending against him the

[1] Sir Plunket Barton in his *Ireland and Shakespeare* has suggested that 'nation,' here, may be used for 'clan'; the chief of the Macmorrises of Mayo being, at the time of Shakespeare, referred to as chief 'of his nation,' a word used for 'clan.' As in Shane O'Neill's 1599 proposals for peace: "That all nations (tuatha) in Ireland shall enjoy their living as they did two hundred years ago." Fluellen did not so mean it. It seems pointless in Shakespeare, if he intended Macmorris so to mean it.

[2] In Henley's *Lyra Heroica*, 1920, English boys are taught to praise the English heroic, the Scottish, the Welsh, the French, the German, the Italian, the Swiss, the American, the Greek, the Persian, the Moorish. But no word for the Irish heroic, whether in service of England or of Ireland. Perhaps better so; for here is no pretence. The English book is no revelation, in the sense of surprise—only in another sense.

largest force ever yet sent to crush Ireland, 20,000 men and more. Essex's victory was in supposition. The defeat of the Irish nation at Kinsale was not for a couple of years.

True, the ferocious, if pitying poet Spenser had already written of a ruined, starving, helpless, doomed Munster. And Fearflatha O'Gnimh, hereditary bard of an O'Neill, had been outcrying—in words such as stirred Spenser's English wrath against the bard's "gracing of wickedness and vice":

> "Woe is me for the Gael!
> Seldom a mind joyous
> At this hour among them,
> All their noble are perished!
> . . . thralls in Galls' fetters,
> Irish under outlanders. . . .
>
> O Trinity that hath power,
> Shall this race be always in exile. . . .
> Or shall we have a second glory?
> If thou hast consented
> That there be a new England named Ireland,
> To be ever in the grip of thy foes
> To this isle we must say farewell!"[1]

But was this scene (*Henry V*, iii, 2) written before the crushing of the Irish at Kinsale, in 1602? It was not printed in the quarto, 1600. The scene contains, also, the favourable picture of the English-serving Scottish Captain; contrasting with the reflection on "this weasel Scot," enemy of England, at the opening of the play. Yet, it should be noted, that neither were the Prologues printed in that 1600 Quarto; which Prologues include, of course, the Essex—"now," 1599—passage (in Prologue v).

However, in the New Shakespeare Society for 1879 there was pleading for this scene being written after 1603, and the consequent Scot-pleased and Scot-pleasing time of James VI and I; and after the defeated Irish time. It would have been, says the pleader, "an anachronism in 1599, Ireland

[1] From Padraic Pearse's *Irish Anthology*, 'On the Fall of the Gael.'

being unconquered, to introduce Macmorris. But after Mountjoy's victories, 1600-1603, it was no longer an independent nation, though a part—a subdued part—of Great Britain " (*sic*). Macmorris's " rage was natural in a subdued Home Ruler (!), and was understood and appreciated by an English audience, to whom its cause "—the beating of the weak—" was a pleasant and satisfactory reminiscence." That would be characteristic. As is the nineteenth century post-famine jeering at the weak : " The Celt is gone with a vengeance." Those words of omen.

But, as has been said, there is presumption that the scene (iii, 2) dated from 1599. And the English-described so-called " rage," seems un-Irish. Besides, one must not read *Henry V* as nothing but a Tendenz-Schrift, as Shakespeare's plan of Imperial Federation, and as a shout of English triumph. Just as in every Shakespeare play, so, also, in *Henry V*—to repeat once more—character and not Welt-Politik, is the matter in mind for the author.[1] Nor must it be forgotten that Shakespeare had his Irish to write about that served Henry V, not only those Irish that served Elizabeth. Mr Verity [2] sees, indeed, in *Henry V*, " a distinct plea for unity among the four English-speaking (*sic*) nationalities "—two and a half of them, doubtless, not much less Celtic-speaking, in Shakespeare's own day (1564-1616), than at the date of Agincourt (1415). But this editor yet supposes, that " the picture of representatives of all four nationalities fighting for Henry is hardly true to the time of the events."

What, then, of Ireland, one of the four, as a fighter for Henry the Fifth of England, five centuries since ? Some of the men of Ireland went out to fight for him—some men of the Pale. Ireland was not a feudal monarchy. And Ireland held but loosely together under her chieftains. Yet,

[1] Contrariwise, the learned lady, Miss Lilian Winstanley, learning-displaying, has maintained that *Hamlet* discusses the Scottish succession to Elizabeth's throne, and (in 1925) that *Othello* the Moor is a Spaniard, wicked and tyrannical and murdering Italy, in Desdemona.

[2] Pitt Press editor.

if Ireland was not one, all her sons were Irish. And waves of settlers had become *Hiberniores Hibernicis*. Fitzgerald was Irish, spoke Irish, even as O'Connor; and Butler, as O'Brien. "Irish scholars and travellers" were "frequent in European lands. They seem to have talked, in courts and universities, of Ireland a nation, and of a civilisation and wealth that in no way depended on English lordship or instruction." [1]

In that end of the fourteenth century, Richard II of England, who "looked like a king," would also be emperor. Other sovereigns sneered, at his having that so-called fief, Ireland, still unsubdued. Whereupon he invaded Ireland, with great display, and marched up its eastern part; "and, to proclaim to the world his 'conquest', the hamlets went up in flames; . . . and amid flaming houses and villages he knighted the child, Henry of Lancaster, afterwards Henry V." Richard left this young cousin in Ireland, together with their common cousin, the young Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, the future murderer of Henry's son. When Henry's father deposed Richard II, and this Richard II was murdered, then the new king, Henry IV, sent for Prince Henry, from the Ireland of which each of these English kings was pretended overlord.

How things really were in Ireland, then, is seen by the doings of the Irish chief, Art MacMurrogh—dying in 1417, two years after Agincourt—who, in the days of that 'Lord of Ireland', Henry IV, won all Leinster of the Pale, up to the walls of Dublin. Extinction seemed coming down on the English in Ireland.

Under Henry V, the Wicklow O'Byrnes came up, and defeated the Dublin men and the Prior of Kilmainham [2]

[1] Mrs Green, *The Making of Ireland*, p. 276.

[2] Founded by Strongbow, 1174, for Knights Templars. On their suppression, early in fourteenth century, the Pope gave Kilmainham (Kilmaignend; St Magnend's Church) to the Knights of St John of Jerusalem. Men of high rank were its priors; some of the priors being also Lord Chancellors and Lord Deputies; and all of them sitting in the House of Lords as Barons. The last, John Rawson, surrendered the priory to Henry VIII in 1535, and then was made Viscount Clontarf.

(Sir Thomas Butler) in 1413. This Prior of Kilmainham it was, who with 1600 men of the Pale (including such men as Captain Macmorris), went to France to assist Henry V in his wars. In 1415, the year of Agincourt, Henry's viceroy, Talbot, defeated O'Moore of Leix, and burned and destroyed the corn of the district, and killed many of the people. And this Sir John Talbot afterwards went to Henry's French wars. His brother was Archbishop of Dublin, 1417-1443; non-Irish, like all the Pale Catholic archbishops. In 1419, Art MacMurrogh's son, with O'Connor of Offaly, is warring against the English. And this Donogh MacMorrough being defeated, is left a prisoner in London Tower for nine years. A heavy ransom paid by clansmen gets him out. Again he fights against the English. But, afterwards, against O'Byrnes and O'Tooles.

There, may be seen the loose union, the disunion. The Irish lords felt not the need to be one, before the foe whose persistence they did not comprehend, and whose system, leading to success, was to them a check, and to their clansmen slavishness. They were Othellos, so far, " of free and open nature," to an " honest " Iago laying long nets to enmesh them all. " The Irish nobility . . . were perhaps the most intensely proud class of men that ever existed," judges the author of *Phases of Irish History*, ' The Irish Rally,' p. 355; and " two thousand years of unbroken sway may suffice to set pride above prudence in the tradition of any class." But " My Pity How Ireland Standeth," lamented Geoffrey Keating, the heroic and hunted priest-historian, in the days after Shakespeare :

> " The mutual jealousy of the chiefs of Banba
> Hath given power to the foreign soldiery.
> . . . . .
> Unknown now are Banba's nobles,
> Scattered are their followers,
> A bright band driven without guidance
> Throughout the wearisome world." [1]

[1] Padraic Pearse, *An Irish Anthology*, iii.

" At the end of another cycle, when the Irish nobles were scattered over Europe, the nobility of their bearing and the distinction of their manners won admiration for them in every land but one." [1] Thus they were lost to their native Ireland. One reads of how, even in the nineteenth century, an Austrian noble is seen in a lonely Connaught graveyard, laying there the body of one of his peers, last representative of an Irish family of rank, nobles of Austria, for generations, all of whom had been brought to be laid in that remote spot of the west, ever since the captivity of Ireland and the exile of their house.

Now, in our day, there is noble blood still shed ; but by the poor, the heroes of the race, who

> " in battle flames
> Their slender strength would show,
> Against the bayonet and the gun
> That hid their only foe. "

To return. In the time following the days of Henry V and his Captain Macmorris, after various little wars, by 1430 almost all the Pale was gone again, from the invaders, except County Dublin. The men of the Pale, the Catholic ' loyalists,' in 1420, had begged Henry V to get the Pope to preach a new crusade against the Irish, as enemies of God and the Church. With that cry, the twelfth century had seen Henry II come to Ireland. Against that charge, an O'Neill had protested, to a Pope of the fourteenth century—to John XXII, in 1318 : " The nobler and holier the (Irish) victim, the more the (English) murderer was honoured and rewarded by the English ; not by the common people only, but also by the English religious and bishops, and especially by those whose duty it was to punish such criminals." Innocent III had (1215) denounced English laws in Ireland as " laws at variance with all equity whether of natural or written law." Pope Honorius called it (1219) the English " wicked oppression."

[1] Professor MacNeill, *Phases of Irish History*, p. 355.

To civilise Ireland, all the " reformed " sovereigns sent, and even now have sent, men, who, in (that possibly, still, Imperialist) Standish O'Grady's words, " might be called rather assassins than warriors." " All the Viceroys and Presidents and chief military men " under Tudors and Stuarts, " sought to assassinate insurgent lords whom they were unable to conquer. . . . Assassination of insurgent lords was a settled and fixed State method." [1] The murder of Lord Mayor MacCurtain, in Cork, 1920, under the Lloyd George-Greenwood regime was no new-fashioned act. " I know terrible things are being done in Ireland " (1920), said Mr Lloyd George to Mr George Russell ; " but I am not going to say it in print." ' Do it, but don't be found out,' was, confesses General Crozier, the motto of his Dublin Castle parti-coloured assassins.

Henry's Ireland, his Captain Macmorris's Ireland, was not the Ireland living in any sense for Ireland, where, if Richards and Henrys had their way, Irishmen might be singing, as in Shakespeare's own day :

" Sad to fare from the hills of Fál,
Sad to leave the land of Ireland . . .
If God were to grant me back again
To come to my native world,
From the Galls I would not take it to go
Among the crafty clans of England.

. . . . .

If ye desire to avenge Ireland,
O champions valiantly descended,
Shun not perilous deed nor wrath
Nor many mighty battles.

[1] Sir Neville Macready, managing the present century attack on Ireland, in 1920, tells of what restrained his officers : " Among the officers there was a universal uneasiness that if they took *effective measures* towards the rebels they would meet the fate of General Dyer of Amritzar at the hands of the Government—I took care to let it be known, that . . . there would be no ' Dyering ' for any soldier who carried out his *duty*." (*Annals of an Active Life*, p. 455. 1924.)

O'Grady is commenting on the *Pacata Hibernia* of Carew, the very pious in word ; whose paid assassin " tracked the brave Hugh Roe O'Donnell into Spain, and there poisoned him under the guise of friendship."

'Tis better to watch on the tops of the cold bens,
Though short of sleep, yet gladsome,
Urging fight against the foreign soldiery
Who hold your fathers' land ! "

And there were Irishmen then fighting for France, as there were Scotsmen, and indeed English. When Meaux was taken (where such men were), all these were exempted, by Henry, from English pardon.[1]

The first James of Scotland was imprisoned in England, from 1406 to 1424. He had been seized by the English, in time of peace, when on his way to France. In 1420 Henry V took this captive king of Scotland to France, hoping thus to detach France's Scottish allies ; who, however, looked on James as an English foreigner. (And, after all, James's daughter married Louis XI of France.) Henry had his revenge, by the executing, as a traitor to his protégé James, of every Scot taken fighting for the French. At Beaugé (where Henry's young brother the Duke of Clarence was killed) there were 7000 anti-English Scots under the Duke of Albany.

Of Henry's Irish Palesmen, one with the foreign soldiery, we read in Monstrelet, the French chronicler : " The King of England had in his army numbers of Irish, the greater part of whom were on foot, having only a stocking and shoe on one leg and foot, with the other quite naked.[2] They

[1] Compare in a later generation—Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem* (iv), 1707—to an Irish priest : " Sir, I arrest you as a traytor against the Government ; you're a subject of England, and, this morning, shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the French Army. This is death by our law, and your Reverence must hang for it." (As, but yesterday, for Roger Casement, an Irishman for Ireland. As, now and henceforward, for every Irishman for England, who takes an oath of fealty to England's king.) Though, indeed, even in the English and hectoring Froude's words —*History of England*, x—covering so many long ages : " The Irish were not to be blamed, if they looked to Spain, to France, to any friend on earth or in heaven, to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe their subjects."

[2] *Henry V*, iii, 7, 56. Dauphin : " O then belike you rode, like a kern (ceatharnach, a soldier) of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers," tight breeches. One may call up, again, Spenser in Ireland from Shakespeare's own day : " I have heard some great warriors say that, in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries,

had targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knives. Those who were on horseback had no saddles, but rode excellently well on small mountain horses, and were mounted on such paniers as are used by the carriers of corn in parts of France. They were, however, miserably accoutred in comparison with the English, and without any arms that could much hurt the French whenever they might meet them." But "these Irish made frequent excursions, during the siege (of Rouen), over Normandy, and did infinite mischief, bringing back to their camp large booties. Those on foot took men, and even children from the cradle, with beds and furniture, and placing them on cows, drove all these things before them; for they were often met thus by the French. By such means was the country of Normandy wasted by English, Irish, Burgundians, and Dauphinois."

they never saw a more comely horseman than the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge; neither is his manner of mounting unseemly, though he want stirrups, but more ready than with stirrups, for in his getting up, his horse is still going, whereby he gaineth way."

In *Macbeth* (i, 2, 12) are classed together "kerns and gallowglasses from the western isles." Did the gallowglasses clad in saffron tunics and shaggy mantles, exist; at least in the Middle Ages? The gallo-glách is (as is the Anglo-Norman), in iron and mail, on such tombs as those of Felim O'Connor (*ob.* 1265), Roscommon Abbey; Conor Ruad O'Brien (*ob.* 1267), Corcomroe Abbey; Cumaighe O'Cathain (d. 1385), Dungiven Church.

And, indeed, on the other hand—contrasting with gorgeous French—Michelet's Agincourt English "archers had no armour, often no shoes; they had wretched head-pieces of boiled leather, or even of osier, guarded by a cross piece of iron." And one may conclude likewise, from the English patriot poet Drayton's *Agincourt*:

> "Whenas the king to crown this glorious day,
> Now bids his soldiers after all this toil . . .
> Of the dead French to take the gen'ral spoil, . . .
> They fall to groping busily for gold. . . .
> Who had but silver, him they counted poor;
> Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
> So rich as these no soldiers were before; . . .
> Out of rich suits the noblest French they strip,
> And leave their bodies naked on the ground.
> Who *scarce a shirt had but the day before,*
> *Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,*
> Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,
> In the French fashion flaunting it in gold;
> And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
> Chocking his crowns."

Shakespeare found his Holinshed to say of Henry's Irish recruits, with more English complacency: "During this siege also, there arrived at Harfleur the lord of Kilmaine"—the Prior of Kilmainham, already named—"in Ireland, with a band of *sixteen hundred Irishmen, in maile,* with darts and skains after the manner of their countrie, all of them being tall, quicke, and nimble persons, which came and presented themselves before the king being still at the siege, of whom they were not onelie gentlie received and welcomed; but . . . they were appointed to keep the north side of the armie, . . . which charge the lord of Kilmaine and his companions joifullie accepted and did their devoir therein, that no men were more praised, nor did more damage to their enemies than they did; for suerlie their quickness and swiftnesse of foot did more prejudice to their enemies, than their banded horsses did hurt or damage to the nimble Irishmen." Again: "Then went the Duke" (of Clarence, Henry's young brother, killed in the war) "forth towards Paris . . . and the Parisians were sore dismaied; sith now there was no fortresse able to withstand the English puissance; for that the Irishmen over-ran all the Isle of France, did to the Frenchmen damages innumerable (as their writers affirme), brought dailie preies to the English armie, burst up houses, laid beds on the backs of the kine, rid upon them, carried young children before them, and sold them to the Englishmen for slaves. These strange dooings so feared the Frenchmen within the territorie of Paris, and the countrie about, that the sorie people fled out of the villages with all their stuffe into the citie." Finally, we are told that the foraging Irish, these English-mercenary Irish, did so much mischief, that Henry interfered, and issued strict orders for their better governance.

We have seen, above, what English troops were doing, then, in Ireland not of the Pale; burning, wasting, murdering the people. And the same things they were doing, before the goading to 1798's uprising; at the very time that half the English army and half the English navy (as we are

told)[1] were depending on recruits from that later trampled-on Ireland, distracted, desperate, helpless; yet Ireland still. The same things they were doing but yesterday. And we who write and read to-day have lived, warned, through varying Irelands, and through recruitings and promise-breakings and their consequences, from 1914 to 1921. "Playing on Irishmen's sympathy for liberty, at the outbreak of the war," says Eamonn de Valera,[2] "England attracted to her armies some of the flower of our manhood.[3]

[1] Catholics—Irish, nearly all (wrote the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1810, in the days of Peter Plymley)—form "more than half of our army and our navy." "In forty-six ships . . . Catholics to Protestants are three to two." "Of 4000 who fought at Monte Video, 3000 at least were Catholics"—sent out to defend Catholic Spain by her protector England; while, in these Irishmen's Ireland, under England, in her Byron's words:

> "the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
> The Castle still stands, but the Senate's no more."

"The way in which these brave men are treated with regard to the exercise of their religion," continued the *Edinburgh Review*, "even in spite of the laws which have been passed for their protecting, shows, more strongly perhaps than anything else, the strong tendency to oppression, which is generated and matured into habit even by what remains of the Catholic [Penal] code. . . . The Catholic soldiery, though sometimes obliged to attend the Protestant worship only alternately with their own, . . . are, most commonly, marched indiscriminately to the established church without being at all permitted to attend their own." (Even in 1924, there are writers on history and polemics, like the Very Rev. W. Inge, and the Rev. R. H. Murray, persuading anti-Irish, anti-popery, readers who have resolved to think it true, that the Penal Code was only dressed for show.)

Talleyrand, July 1798, made, to the Directoire, a report on how to deal with each power. As to England, "the Republic possesses very fair means of attack against England. If Bonaparte lands in Egypt, the British power in India will be destroyed. Malta is already ours. . . . The Irish insurrection, cemented by the blood of some celebrated victims, seems to be making wonderful progress. It is to Ireland that all our efforts must be directed. We must hasten to send there arms, men, and stores, and so pay back England for all the evils she has done us. . . . We must secure for ever the freedom of the seas. . . . More than a third of her sailors are Irish; and the love of their country may teach them to look upon the English as oppressors and enemies. . . . Admiral Nelson's fleet is manned almost entirely by Irishmen; as I am assured by the Spanish Minister."

[2] *Ireland's Case for Conscription*, 1918.

[3] *The Morning Post*, February 26, 1915, could state, "that from the beginning of the war up to the present month 115,513 Irishmen have joined the various regiments of the Army; this figure not including those who have enlisted in many districts, from which returns have not yet been obtained." *The Evening Standard* counted, of Irish in Ireland, and from across the seas, "a grand total of at least 250,000 Irishmen in the Army." The same Conservative paper, in October 1918, noted the "malignant"—Lloyd George's

They forgot the woes of their own country ; they forgot that she had suffered, at one time or another "—words prophetic of 1920-21—" at the hands of England, every act of brutality alleged against Germany ; they forgot that the very armies they were joining were those that held her in subjection. They heeded not the warnings of their fellow-countrymen who pointed, not only to England's treachery in the past, but to the convincing evidence to hand, that her ministers were as perfidious and as conscienceless as ever ; and for three years, almost, before America felt herself called upon to join in the war, ' Little Belgium ' had a champion in many a generous Irish youth. Their bones to-day lie buried beneath the soil of Flanders, or beneath the waves of Suvla Bay, or bleaching on the slopes of Gallipoli, or on the sands of Egypt or Arabia, in Mesopotamia, or wherever the battle line extends from Dunkirk to the Persian Gulf. Mons, Ypres, will be monuments to their unselfish heroism—but the land they loved dearest on earth, the land to which they owed their first duty and their first devotion, the land they fondly hoped their sacrifice might assist to freedom, still lies unredeemed at the feet of her agelong enemy.[1] And that she would thus lie, were every youth and every man within her borders to immolate themselves in this war, is the fixed conviction of all Irishmen who permit themselves to see things as they are."

To this Mr de Valera adds a footnote, from Mr Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, and no longer ago than March, 1917 : " Centuries of ruthless and often brutal

word, as Secretary for War—treatment, by England, of these Irish : " Mention of the gallantry of Irishmen in France and Gallipoli was rigidly excluded ; the ' London Irish ' corps was refused the use of the word Irish." *Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin.*

[1] Who again would speak, with the voice of the charmer, in a *Times* leader, January 10, 1921 : " Tens of thousands of Irishmen fought with all the bravery and devotion of the race in France, in Flanders, in Macedonia, and wherever our armies were engaged. Justice requires that we should weigh the too easily forgotten sacrifices of the Irish, and the Irish blood that was spent so freely on every front."

> Hear ye not the voice of the charmer,
> Charm he never so wisely.

injustice . . . centuries of insolence and of insult, the long record of oppression, proscription, and expatriation, the greatest blot on the British fame for equity and common sense in the realm of government, have driven hatred of British rule into the very marrow of the Irish race. Ireland is undoubtedly the one taunt that stings. . . . There remains the one invincible fact to-day that she is no more reconciled to British rule than she was in the days of Cromwell." True, Mr Lloyd George has, later, assured the world, that " the Irish Question is settled " ; " no more will be heard of it." His unhappy successor, Mr MacDonald, declared, however, in 1924, that " Ireland gives me as much trouble as ever," though it is " free." 'Tis very strange.

Shakespeare,[1] one need not doubt, looked on ' loyalist ' Ireland—so disloyal to its own country—as the supporter of the cause of his own country, right or wrong ; which cause, no less would he rejoice in, when it triumphed, than would those workers of iniquity, over there in Elizabeth's Ireland, Shakespeare's friends, Spenser, Raleigh, and Essex ; with the last of whom went to Ireland Shakespeare's Lord Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems. In *Henry V's* fifth Prologue, v. 29, we read, no doubt, Shakespeare's self :

> " As, by a lower, but loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> As in good time he may, from Ireland, coming,
> Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him."

That was the son of the murdering Essex, of the Clandeboy (Antrim) massacre of all his Irish guests (1574), and of the Rathlin Island massacre, of women and children (1575). The son was sent to Ireland, after the Yellow Ford Irish

[1] Compare his instinctive English attitude in *Henry IV* towards Owen Glendower, the doomed Welsh prince ; with hopes and plans for his little Wales as a nation, having love for its past, and belief in his own gifts, and hopes for its welfare in all ways—somewhat as an Alfred for his England.

victory, 1598; sent to crush O'Neill and O'Donnell, in arms defending their country; with whom Essex was charged that he had plans of some compromise, and the granting of some toleration, to those Catholic lords, and to the people of Ireland. Essex had a story, that it was to counteract Raleigh's plots against him, that he came back from Ireland; and he said that he took up arms, when in London, to save himself from being murdered in his house, by Raleigh and another. Though indeed, Blount, Essex's comrade, admitted that they did not believe in Raleigh's murder plot; "it was a word cast out to colour other matters." (Raleigh, present at Essex's execution, withdrew, when people kept saying he was there to feast his eyes.) Essex's conciliatory (*sic*) policy (say some English writers) had made him suspected of Elizabeth. He wrote (v. Moryson, *Itinerary*, ii, 35) to Elizabeth, suggesting that the 'rebels' should be corrupted (in their steadfastness to the cause of Ireland against England) by the queen's government making a pretence[1] to give in, to the Irishmen's desire to be free of the English. He recommended: "Break them by factions among themselves." "Their Jesuits and practising [*i.e.*, plotting] Priests must be hunted out and taken from them, which now do sodder them so fast and so close together. If your Majesty will have a strong party in the Irish nobility, and make use of them, you must hide from them all purpose of establishing English government, till the strength of the Irish be so broken, that they shall see no safety but in your Majestie's protection (*sic*)." However, before Essex's sudden return, Tyrone was able to demand: (1) pardon for 'rebels'; (2) reinstatement of Irish in their own lands; (3) toleration in religion. The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitgift, charged Essex, on his return, with the crime of promising religious toleration to Catholics; and Essex said that "he never yielded" it. So, on the other side of the Channel, Archbishop Usher (born 1581), Calvinist Professor of Divinity

[1] The English had not changed, up to 1921. Perhaps the Irish have not changed, up to 1925.

in Trinity College, Dublin, was to be teaching—he and his amazing new religion colleagues—that to tolerate the Catholic religion of their fathers (to which his own mother's, Stanihurst, family reverted), was " a grievous sin " ; the creed of a thousand years made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday.[1] Still, Camden says that Essex did urge Elizabeth to accept toleration ; under necessity, as he thought. But, of course, this was before the 1602 breaking of the Irish, at Kinsale. Cecil's characteristic and traditional way of putting it—also, before Kinsale, and when the Irish were still unbroken—in a Star Chamber speech, November 28, 1599, was, that it was needless for Tyrone to urge toleration, seeing that the laws against priests were not enforced severely ; and that the queen recommended reformation by prayer to God, rather than by compulsion of those poor ignorant people, the Catholics of Ireland.[2] (Cecil himself having been a Catholic leader under Mary, and one of the deputation escorting Cardinal Pole to England to reconcile her to Rome. A promoter and leader, too, apparently, of the prosecution and persecution of Protestants in Mary's reign.)

Soon after that coming of Essex from Ireland, in Irish was being written ' Cean Salla,' Kinsale—*The last words of Red Hugh O'Donnell on his departure from Ireland for Spain* :

" Weep not the brave dead !
Weep rather the living—
On them lies the curse
Of a doom unforgiving !
Each dark hour that rolls,
Shall the memories they nurse,
Like molten hot lead
Burn into their souls

[1] Froude's saying.

[2] So Shakespeare's empress of the west were really a model of mildness to the empress of the east, Queen Victoria, who wrote, as to the Irish revolt in 1848—in the passage of her letters suppressed by her more honey-sweet son : " I rather regret " that there won't be more fighting ; " the Irish should receive a good lesson or they will begin again."

A remorse long and sore !
They have helped to enthral a
Great land evermore,
They who fled from Cean Salla.

. . . . .

My ship cleaves the wave—
I depart for Iberia—
But oh ! with what grief,
With how heavy and dreary a
Sensation of ill !

I should welcome a grave ;
My career has been brief,
But I bow to God's will ! "

. . . . .

(So, in Mangan's English.)

This Irish question—the English question, rather, of how to rule Ireland, against professed English principles of justice, and support of right, and the good of the governed —had to be staring at Shakespeare, writing of his country's former prowess in the Hundred Years' War, and hearing, daily, of hoped-for triumph over the Irish enemy of his own day. He connects explicitly—in the lines of Prologue v, quoted above—joy in Henry's fifteenth century French triumph, with Essex's seventeenth century triumph-to-come, in Ireland. And it is indeed impossible to think that, in *Henry V*, the author had no thoughts of England's settled domination in a ' British Isles,' expressed by Irish, Scotch, Welsh captains, serving faithfully under English generals and princes. Whatever were the complex workings in poor Macmorris's pate, his ' nation ' was not to be his first thought, if his thought at all ; not his boast, if possibly his pain : he himself being bought, or bribed, or promise-crammed, or crammed with bread.

But the Irish, in their place, were to be toyed with. Funny Teagues they were ; or blinded Samsons, brought forth to play before Philistine lords. Yet, a witty people,

not to be ruled by the witless ; an affectionate people, not to be ruled by the heartless.[1] And Shakespeare, in *Henry V*, alludes to their music ; not indeed with understanding. However, the allusion may express something of the preoccupation with things Irish, which made the dramatist read back and forward, from Henry to Elizabeth, from Essex to Macmorris.

(By the way, is some such obsession (by the Irish question) of someone—contemporary copyist, or later printer—responsible for the *Henry V* First Folio reading of v, 2, 12, where the French queen is made say to the English king :

" So happy be the issue, brother *Ireland*" ?)

An extract from the *Talbot Papers*, 1602, tells, that at Elizabeth's court, Irish airs had been much heard and sung and admired. Did not the ' goddess upon earth,' as her young flirts called her, herself set her mind to learn some Irish, in order to sing such airs ; though she was the murderer of her Irish guest ? Yet the ' Irish ' air to Pistol's *Callino, castore me*, or *Calen o custure me*, ' Irish ' words, is really an English tune ; given in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* with a pseudo-Irish name, *Callino Custurame*. The first Folio had ' Qualtitie calmie custure me '—' Irish ' to match Shakespeare's first Folio ' French,' in this play. The Irish words are *cailín óg a'stor*. ' *Mé* ' might be (some have suggested) the first syllable of ' machree,' misunderstood by English speakers—' little girl of my heart.' However, the Irish of Scotland may be the nearer origin, in a song with this refrain : *chailin òig a'stirgir thu mi*, young girl wilt thou guide me ?—the first line of a ' waulking-song,' published in the *Macdonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry*, 1911, p. 246. *G=c*, in Gaelic of Scotland ; and " in fact," says Professor Osborn Bergin (*Ivernian Society's Journal*, v, 218), " the words," in *Henry V*, " will read off with as close an approximation to the Highland pronunciation as can be expected from symbols with English sound-values."

[1] Ruskin's words.

How little Boswell (1740-1795) knew—after England's temporary success in degrading and hushing up the good things of Ireland—or how little the ex-Irishman, Malone (1741-1812) knew; if they seem to suppose contempt only, in the humming of the Irish words. The glory were the more to Ireland, if the contempt be merely Pistol's—of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.

Three Irish airs (it may be noted here), extracted from *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book,* are given in Vol. II, p. 793 of *Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time*: (1) The Ho-hoane (Ochone); (2) an Irish Dumpe; (3) Callino Casturame. They are all in $\frac{6}{8}$, and seem without Irish melody characteristics; as *Grove's Dictionary* notes.

And when recalling that one finds this Shakespearean taste for Irish music, there may be quoted here, the recent Oxford Press *History of Music in England,* where the author writes: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists; it ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. If musical composition meant nothing more than tunes sixteen bars long, Ireland could claim some of the very greatest composers that have ever lived, for in their miniature form the best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of the art; deeper tunes have been written by still greater men; but" these show "instinctive feeling for loveliness and dignity of phrase." (*Walker's History,* p. 335.)

Ireland's "songs of joy end as elegies; there is nothing to equal the delicious sadness of its national melodies. One might call them emanations from on high, which, falling drop by drop upon the soul, pass through it like memories of another world. Never have men feasted so long upon the solitary delights of the spirit, these poetic memories

which simultaneously intercross all the sensations of life, so vague, so deep, so penetrative, that one might die from them, without being able to say whether it was from bitterness or sweetness." [1] " To the slow-singing Irish airs with broken rhythm I pay the homage of my mortal dread. There I am held by a power stronger than death." [2]

Spenser, in whom beauty (as Shakespeare was saying) made beautiful old rhyme, had himself been finding, in the Irish poems, " translated unto me that I might understand them," " sweete witt and good invention, sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyre owne naturall devise." He adds that they " skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry." Rather (commented wiser Dr Sigerson), these " ornaments " were lost in a prose translation.

Perhaps Shakespeare, too, had he known Ireland himself, could have felt. Perhaps he did feel. One would not altogether put him down among the polluting multitude, even when he is in Ireland—she who from age to age

> " heard the cursing of the raving herd,"
> " saw the old heroic blood outpoured "

—though, to be sure, as one of Shakespeare's contemporary countrymen, when assassinating in Ireland, did exclaim :

[1] Renan, *The Poetry of the Celtic Races*, xxxii, 148.

[2] And Dr Henebry added : " . . . To me there is nothing so wholly discomposing as listening to an Irish air sung with all the saccharine expression of the vaudeville stage to a jangling piano accompaniment. When I compare the wrong tone-scheme, the bad phrasing, the pert, exaggerated, hysterical and false expression with the traditional version of the same air as sung by an old woman, with its full rich intervals and simple feeling, the veritable voice and refrain of the Gaelic heart, the contrast between modern sham and Keltic truth becomes too poignant for my equanimity."

He might approve Robert Chambers explaining that " when we hear Sir John Stevenson's [' Moore's '] Irish melodies played by a young lady on the pianoforte, or even on the pedal harp, we do not hear the same music which O'Cahan, Carolan, and Hempson played. It is as much altered as Homer in the translation of Pope. For the true presentment of this music to modern ears we require the old sets as preserved in the volumes of Bunting, and 'the Irish harp' played by an Irish harper." Hazlitt said of Moore—for Shelley, Ierne's " sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong "—that in Moore's songs the wild harp of Eirinn had been tuned into a musical snuff-box.

" My God, how this country doth change men's natures ! " " We are not talking about God," a French reluctant fighter is made to say to ' St Joan ' ; " we are talking about practical affairs. I ask you again, girl, have you ever seen English soldiers fighting ? Have you ever seen them plundering, burning, turning the country-side into a desert ? Have you heard no tales of the Black Prince who was blacker than the Devil himself ? " And the French Saint answers : " I have heard tales of the Black Prince. The moment he touched the soil of our country the devil entered into him and made him a black fiend. But at home, in the place made for him by God, he was good. It is always so. If I went into England against the will of God to conquer England, and tried to live there and speak its language, the devil would enter into me ; and when I was old I should shudder to remember the wickedness I did." [1]

Spite of all, however, what a noble base for humanity and patriotism, for sacrifice of self, yet for joy, is there not found, for an Irish reader, in Shakespeare's words, throughout his plays and poems. Would he make application to Ireland of his own wise words ? 'Tis no matter. They stand. Then, we adopt them—and perhaps our Captain Macmorris were worth our longing lingering look :

> " O Ireland,
> ' What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
> Were all thy children kind and natural ! ' "

[1] Shakespeare could not have conceived of such an idea as St Jeanne d'Arc, it has been said. He certainly never weighed patriotism in the balance, like Mr Shaw's St Joan.

V

HENRY V AND RELIGION

GREEN, the historian, wrote, in effect, to his friend the historian Freeman—entangled in theorising about the legal continuity of the 'Protestant Religion Established by Law' with England's old *Ecclesia Anglicana*—that there was a religion in England in 1480, and that it was not the same as the religion established in England in 1580. And that's a fact.[1] And so, in the first part of the fifteenth century, the religion of Henry the Fifth of England was the Catholic religion of Europe; this English king's father thus addressing Pope Alexander V on his election, in 1409: "Most Blessed Father,—With most humble and filial commendation. The terrible and distressful sorrow of mind caused and spread by the persisting and deep-rooted schisms[2] throughout the world has been often felt by us as by the other faithful sons of the Church, but has been changed into the sweetness of boundless joy and gladness by the receipt of the letters of the Apostolic See which your fatherly condescension has pleased in the beginning of your reign to send without delay to me, your sorrowing son." Pope Alexander had been a poor boy of Crete; sent by Franciscans to Paris and to Oxford. He intervened to make peace between Henry V and France: "A proposal so holy, we know, has been prompted only by your great and most laudable humility

[1] "And this fact, I do repeat, your little book absolutely ignores," says Green's letter to Freeman.

[2] The Great Schism of 1378-1417; wherein England adhered to the Roman Popes; France and Scotland supporting the French anti-popes.

of heart. . . . Most loving father, as you have it at heart that for the sake chiefly of God and the Church, and the unity of the same, we should lend a willing mind to this reconciliation, so, indeed, it gives, and will give, us pleasure to consent thereto, provided that we can believe that our adversary, on his part, is willing to rejoice in the beauty of peace. . . .

> " Your devoted son *HENRY*, by God's grace King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland."

It is not too much to say, that over modern anglicanised people, preached into, for more than three centuries, by the Anglican Church and its offshoots, there has been—by the violent break in Christian tradition, and by the frenzied delusions, the inconceivable ignorance, the terrorising prejudice, in all that concerns the Church of the ages—a great, a deadening, a perverting power ; and that, too, even over the English speakers who remained, or who are, privately, Catholic. The great Protestant tradition, as Cardinal Newman often called it, is great ; and English literature, as he reminded us, has become Protestant. And his brother-English-Cardinal, Manning, said : " England is the most anti-Christian power in the world." We should, then, not forget ; we should be anxious about our ignorance, under this anti-Christian, Protestant, provincial tradition. The Irish are in prison—not a prison of the body only. Macaulay-obsession in seminaries, Victorian-gentility in convents, the backwash of some nineteenth-century nonsense about progress, about Protestant success, together with our debased pleasure in vulgar amusements, whether in music-halls or in church choirs—all this has crushed down true life in Eire ; life of soul and of mind. Her young people were surprised, almost like young disinherited English Protestants, to hear the so-far enlightened Protestant Cobbett tell them that the anti-Catholic campaign of three Protestant centuries in England has had, for " the great object of these

lies, . . . to make the main body of the people believe that the English Nation is now more happy . . . than it was, before it was Protestant; and thereby to induce us to conclude, that it was a good thing for us, that "—at the huge plunder-time, humorously called the 'Re-formation'—" the aristocracy should take to themselves the property of the poor and the Church." Nowhere did this plunder and pretending, rampage, and then reign, more outrageously, than in the old English universities, founded for the democracy of Christianity; whence Protestantism came to exclude the English people. And yet, as an example of slavery of mind in young Ireland, there are—*experto crede*—but a few of our own boys and girls awakened enough out of disheartened or puzzled sleep, to tell you straight, that European Universities were founded by or under Roman Popes, and that nearly all the couple of dozen colleges in Oxford and in Cambridge were homes of the Mass, founded by devotees of the saints, and endowed in order that prayer should be made therein, for ever, to give rest to the souls of the faithful departed. Henry V came to the throne, in 1413, as son of his usurping father, under whom their cousin Richard had been deposed and done to death. Wherefore Pope Boniface IX charged Henry IV to remember Richard's soul. And Henry V interred Richard's body anew, in the abbey church of Westminster, where grave and solemn priests should there ever sing for Richard's soul, and where the pitied poor should pray. As a chronicler recounteth: "After a solemn terment there holden, he provided that iiii tapers should brenne daye and nyghte about Richard's grave whyle the world endureth, and one day in the week a solemn *Dirige*, and upon the morrow a masse of *Requiem* by note; after which masse endyd to be gyven wekely unto pore people xis., viii. pens [between £5 and £10 now]; and upon the daye of his anniversary, after the said masse of *Requiem* is songe, to be yerely distrybuted for his soul xxli. in d."

Henry V also founded, in atonement for Richard II's

death, the Brigittine convent of the Syon at Twickenham, and at Sheen a Carthusian monastery ; both plundered by his later cousin, Henry VIII ; under whose Catholic daughter Mary, they were restored ; and under whose Protestant daughter Elizabeth they were again seized and destroyed, and their inmates driven out of their country ; which, then, was learning its later hate of the religion of Henry V, and of all that religion's expiations and restitutions.

Syon Abbey, 1420-1920, is the title of a recent publication. Founded by Henry V, February 22, 1415, the Fathers and Sisters came from Vasteen in Sweden, where the order had been founded in the fourteenth century by the Swedish St Brigit. In 1406 Henry the Fifth's sister had married the King of Sweden, and was benefactress of the Brigittine Monastery of Wadstena, where she was buried. (Suppressed by Gustavus Vasa (1523-1560), the monastery became barracks, prison, storehouse ; but, as now restored, has been called a national monument.) The first English professions were received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Chicheley, in 1420.

August 28, 1534, Bedyll to Cromwell : " The Confessor there, and other of the wisest of the brethren, the Abbas and all her religious susters, like good, wise and fayth-ful ladys to our soveraine Lord, be wel contended with the Kinges Grace said title [of Head of the Church], and wol be redy to declare their consentes to the same when so ever they shall be required ; as I am now informed and as I also perceyved meself when I was at Sion." (Their compromise with the world saved their house for about as long as the *prêtres assermentés* saved what Burke called the Mountebank Constitutional Church of 1790 in France.) But there were " diverse of the Frirys at Sion, which be minded to offer thaim self in sacrifice to the great idole of Rome." Neverthe-less, Fr. Richard Reynolds and Thomas Brownel, lay brother, alone stood firm. Fr. Richard with the three Carthusian priors and the parish priest of Isleworth suffered, May 4, 1535 ; B. Thomas More waving to them farewell,

as they went on to the hurdles for Tyburn. Fr. Richard, last: "He never changed colour, nor was disquieted; . . . then in the end, lastly went to die manfully himself." Thomas Brownel died "in defence of ye Catholic Faith, consumed by filth of Newgate, October 21, 1537."

1539. Syon Abbey suppressed and pensioned. Abbess retired with a few monks and nuns to Denham. Died there, 1546. Others left for Flanders. The Syon library of 14,000 volumes had been scattered.

1547. Henry the Destroyer's body rested at what had been the royal abbey, and dogs licked his blood from his broken coffin there.

1555. Philip and Mary returned the Abbey. The community was solemnly reinclosed by the last Catholic Bishop of London, and the last acting Abbot of Westminster.

1558. Elizabeth becoming queen seized the abbey; and the community left England, under the protection of the Spanish ambassador. To Mechlin (Malines), in Flanders. Where Dutch Protestants, some twenty years after, pillaged the convent; its abbess (as 'tis said) dying from terror and shock of the outrages. Some of the nuns went home to their England to beg. Elizabeth jailed them. But English Protestant officers protected such of these English ladies as remained in Flanders, until they could fly to France.

1580. To Rouen.

1594. Rouen surrendered to Navarre. The Brigittines —monks and nuns—to Lisbon (then Spanish). "We neither sought England, France, nor earth, but heaven, which is all we pretend (*prétendre*) to," said their Fr. Foster; whose mother, one of Elizabeth's victims, died in York prison, "a monstrous Papist."

1809. Lord Wellesley turned the Brigittines out, and made the Lisbon convent a barracks. The abbess and others had already gone to England.

1861. All left Lisbon—a royal barge taking them to the steamer. To Spetisbury.

1887. To Chudleigh in Devonshire. Where they pray

for the founder, Henry V, and for the receiver of the first vows, Archbishop Chicheley ; and where is the centre of an Association of Prayer for those now in Purgatory.

At Chudleigh in 1920 was celebrated the fifth centenary of the only English pre-Reformation community with continuity unbroken until to-day, and always with English subjects. In 1925 the nuns prepare to leave, for a large country place, also in Devon.

This Henry's favourite archbishop, Chicheley, who had been all for the war against France, as just, and undertaken with holy intent, when he became disillusioned, and saw plundering and profiteering and ruin, made his own expiation in 1437, founding All Souls, Oxford—present-day home of well-to-do non-Catholicism, if, sometimes, of learning and distinction—but, at its Catholic foundation, " a college of poor and indigent clerks bounden with all devotion to pray for the souls of the glorious . . . Henry V, lately King of England and France, the Duke of Clarence, and all other lords and lieges of the realm of England, whom the havoc of that warfare between the two realms hath drenched with the bowl of bitter death ; and also for all the souls of the faithful departed." Archbishop Chicheley sent the first Warden of All Souls to Rome, for the Pope's confirmation and licence. Wealth and worldliness were upon the Church in England ; and when the great trial came, the All Souls Fellows agreed to call Henry VIII Supreme Head of the Church ; their " superstitions and idolatrous " monuments —church plate, mass-books, copes, etc., being afterwards defaced and broken, when Anglicanism settled into itself, under Elizabeth.

Poor men's sons, indeed, became mediæval Catholic bishops ; but they were numbered among the princes of the land. Humble in origin, however, or high, they were, many times, princely benefactors " To the celibacy of the bishops we owe almost all those noble foundations which are established in both our Universities ; but since the *Reformation*, we can boast of few of the episcopal order as

benefactors in these seats of learning." [1] And if in her outward life the Church towered in pride of place, in Oxford and in Canterbury, in monastic church and in castle chapel, yet the wildness of worldly ways was sobered by thoughts of judgment, and neither rich nor poor could finally forget their mortality. The corruption of riches debased churchmen and laymen, then, as now. But, even as now, so then, the life of the Church was grounded on seeing time in the light of eternity ; and the most foolish had thoughts of God brought before them by the ordinances of the Catholic religion, and by its claims through all life, public and private.

Nor was it possible, then, to put aside the thought of the brotherhood of man, under a common Father, whose law, as we have seen, must decide whether a war could be lawfully begun ; while the head on earth of God's Church was the referee to whom men naturally appealed, and who often stayed quarrels, in Dame Europa's school. Catholic men had then, as now, to have some fear of God before their eyes. And Henry, in the year of Agincourt, wrote to Charles of France : " Reflect upon the years which you have passed ; think of eternity." And Henry went on to plead for the Papacy, still under the pitiable Great Schism ; for, " this Holy Sion . . . has lost all hope of regaining her ancient liberty, if the Princes do not join together to deliver her from the yoke of bondage. Let us not therefore obstinately persist in encroaching one upon another. . . . Let us, for the glory of God, undertake to assist our desolate mother, who has regenerated us in the light ; let us render truth triumphant over force and violence ; let us govern and judge

[1] So, an Oxford eighteenth century Tory clergyman, Head of a House. And further : " Nothing is so great a reproach on the Church of England as the avarice and ambition of our [Protestant] bishops." Many of them " died shamefully rich ; . . . great divines ; could not be called good Christians." " It was no small misfortune for the cause of Christianity in this kingdom that when we reformed from popery, our clergy were permitted to marry ; . . . their only care, to provide for their wives and children. . . . As an academician, and friend to the republic of letters, I have often wished that the canons which forbid priests to marry were still in force." (Cited in *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1819.) But those canons *are* in force ; for priests.

according to our conscience, and do for the Church that which she would do for us, if she were free from oppression." And the French Charles's, perhaps less English, if not less soundly religious, answer, was, that " The blessing of peace . . . after the example of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which he left to his disciples, we have always sought and desired. . . . You have occasioned us great surprise—after [our] great overtures, with a firm intention of establishing peace—by having hostilely invaded our kingdom ; thus destroying the hopes of peace, to the great sin of your party. . . . It is lawful for every Prince in his just quarrel to defend himself, and to oppose force by force ; and none of your predecessors ever had any right, and you still less, to make the demands in your letters."

When Henry got to France, among statutes made by him for his army, and under the heading ' for Holy Church ' he laid it down : " That no man be so hardy, of lesse that he be prest, to touch the sacrament of Godes body, upon payn to be drawen and hangede therfor ; nor that no maner man be so hardy to touch the box or vessel in the whiche the precious sacrement is in, upon the same payn aforsaide. Also that no maner of man be so hardey to robbe, ore to pille Holy Church of no goodlie ornament [1] that longeth

[1] *Henry V*, iii, 6, 37 :

" Bardolph . . .
. . hath stolen a pax, and hangèd must a' be."

The Folio writes *pax*. The words *pax* and *pix* may be confounded now, and then. Holinshed, as to Henry and Bardolph : " Yet in this great necessitie, the poor people of the countrie were not spoiled nor anie thing taken of them without paiement, nor anie outrage or offence doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldiour took a *pix* out of a church, for which he was apprehended ; and the king not once removed till the box was restored and the offendor strangled."

But the other Elizabethan, Stowe, did not confuse ; writing, then, about the passing away of " palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and such like." The churchwardens' accounts in 1559, the first year of Elizabeth's renewal of the Establishment of plundering, tell of wholesale destruction of " Papistical books, idols and pictures, banners, christmatories, *paxes*, bells, *pyxes*, vestments, roods, and all other idols."

The *pix* was a ' box,' or a ' sacrament house.' Longfellow, in his *Nuremberg*, applies the word to the greatest of all such that remains :

" In the church of Sainted Lawrence
Stands a pix of sculpture rare."

to the Churche, ne to slee no man of Holy Churche, religious, ne non other, but if he be armed, upon payne of deathe."

Agincourt now was before the English; and when the army was marshalled, Henry asked the hour. 'Prime.' 'Now is good time,' he said, 'for all England prayeth for us; let us therefore be of good cheer and go to our journey.' And his chaplain: "And whilst all this was being done, and so long as the battle lasted, I who write these words sat upon my horse amid the baggage in the rear, and with the other priests humbled my soul before God, saying in my heart: Be mindful of us, O Lord; for our enemies are gathered together and boast themselves in their strength. Break down their power, and scatter them, that they may know that there is none other that fightest for us, but only Thou, O God." Thus, in *Gesta Regis Henrici Quinti*—by one of his chaplains. The chronicler, Jehun de Waurin, was with the

The *pax*, or pax board, was, and is, the *osculatorium*, a tablet or sort of paten in gold, silver, ivory, etc.; on its front, commonly, a representation of the Paschal Lamb, at the back a handle. It is given, at High Mass, after 'Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem,' to be kissed by the priest and his ministers, and by the other clergy, and by laymen also; instead of the now more common formal clerical embrace; in sign, at that moment of the Mass, of prayed-for Christian unity and charity. In Dominican churches the pax is still commonly used. The earliest notices of its use seem to be in the thirteenth century; in England. By the fifteenth century its use was universal. Chaucer's *Parson's Tale*, at the end of the fourteenth century, preaches to the proud man: "He waiteth to sit, or to gon above him in the way, or *kisse the pax*, or be encensed, or gon to offring before his neighbour."

The *Vertue of the Masse* was thus instructing that Catholic England:

> "Of *Agnus Dei* at Mass be said three:
> The first two beseeching of mercy;
> The third prayeth for peace and unity . . .
> This *Agnus Dei* brought with Him peace
> To all the world, at His Nativity,
> Grace, gladness, of virtue great increase;
> For which the people, of high and low degree,
> *Kiss the pax*—a token of unity."

For which, in 1528, the scorner Tyndale made it the Obedience of a Christian Man to scoff at them: "*To kisse the paxe* they think a meritorious deed."

In Italy, specially, paxes were elaborate works of art. In English museums, remain such osculatoria, survivals from the great pillage. There is one pax in Liverpool museum, about seven inches long, with a picture of the Holy Family, in silver, lead, copper; enamelled, niello (nigellum) and black to see.

French army, and he notes that "au bien matin le roy d'Angleterre commenca a oyr ses messes, car il avoit coustume den oyr chascun jour trois, lune aprez lautre." And Holinshed sees how "the Englishmen reconciling themselves with God by hoossell and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands that is the onlie giver of victorie, determined rather to die than to yield or flee." When, however, the modern English Shakespeare Society editor discourses on Henry hearing "the distant murmur of his men's voices, praying and confessing their sins, broken ever and anon by a cheerful shout, or a peal of insolent laughter from the hostile camp," he might have owned—though Shakespeare did not—that the French also were "admonished by the constable and others of the princes to confess their sins with sincere contrition, and to fight boldly against the enemy."

All the Massing and confessing, Shakespeare suppresses; finding Catholicism uncomfortable under the inquisitorial spyings of his country's new religion. So his soldiers' cry, for Henry V, is "God for England, Harry, and Saint George." Under the terror of popular heresy he had no room to put the name of Mary, in what we are told was a cry at Agincourt:

> "Virgo Maria fave, propria pro dote; Georgi
> Miles, et Edwarde, Rex pie confer opem."

As modern Catholics in England pray to Mary: "Look down upon England, thy dowry."

The old fourteenth century seal of Southampton whence Henry set sail, has a ship, but also a standing Blessed Virgin with the Infant Christ; on either side a censing angel, and below: "Mater Virgo Dei, miserere nobis." (Forty years ago this seal was still in use.) The present seal has a three-masted ship in full sail, and below: "Sigillum commune villae Southamptoniae." And so, in Shakespeare's day "the new names given to the ships (which meet us now for the first time)—Bull, Tiger, Dreadnought, Revenge, etc.,—proclaim a new era; while in the religious names of the Spanish fleet—Santa Maria de Gracia, Nuestra Señora de Rosario, San Juan

Bautista, La Concepcion, etc.—we see the survival of the mediæval spirit." There is added, of course: "At an earlier date, religious names were also usual in the English marine." [1] Henry V's expedition crossed in three ships: the *Trinity*, *Grace-Dieu*, the *Holy Ghost*.

The feast of St George had been kept in pre-Norman England. The Normans, despising the Englishry, suppressed or checked national devotions. There was, under Edward III, a revival, not a beginning, of the devotion to St George. (These late years, in London, sale of roses has quadrupled, though so early, on St George's Day, April 23—national glorying, with patronising of a saint; if not a returning to any sense of need of a patron-saint protector.) The *Golden Legend* has it, that "This blessed and holy Martyr, St George, is patron of this realm of England, and the cry of men of war. In the worship of whom is founded the Noble order of the Garter, and also a noble college in the Castle of Windsor by Kings of England, in which college is the heart of St George, which Sigismund, the Emperor of Almagne, brought and gave for a great and precious relique to the King Henry the fifth"—May, 1416, when the Emperor was seeking Henry's support in ending the Great Schism at the Council of Constance (1414-1418); where Sigismund presided. When his mediation between England and France failed, he made alliance with Henry. As Henry to France, so the Emperor appealed to the Princes of Germany for support in his Franco-German war, on account of "the good and profit that might arise if there were peace and rest amongst Christian Princes, for then might they intend against miscreants [misbelievers] in increase and augmentation of the Christian Faith as well as to the good of the Church." (This, on the eve of what the newly-discovered world would now describe—perhaps prematurely—as "the everlasting smash.")

At the beginning of Agincourt, Henry's command was 'Banners advance!' The soldiers immediately prostrated

[1] Meyer's *England and the Catholic Church under Elizabeth*, p. 254.

themselves, " thries there kyssed the ground," beseeching the protection of the Almighty, and each of them put a small piece of earth in his mouth, in remembrance (as has been conjectured) that they were mortal and formed of dust. But Lingard : " This singular custom had been introduced by the peasants of Flanders, before the great victory, which they had gained over the French cavalry at Courtray in 1302. A priest stood in front of the Flemish army, holding the consecrated host in his hands, and each man, kneeling down took a particle of earth in his mouth, as a sign of his desire and an acknowledgment of his unworthiness to receive the sacrament."

Agincourt being won, " The king gathering his armie together gave thanks to almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chaplains to sing[1] this psalm : *In exitu Israel de Aegypto*, and commanded everie man to kneele down on the ground at this verse : *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which done, he caused *Te Deum*, with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God." As at the previous taking of Harfleur, " when the king came to the gate, he dismounted, and had his legs and feet uncovered, and thence walked barefooted to the parochial church of St Martin, where he very devoutly offered up his prayers and thanksgivings to his Creator for his success." Even the wise pagan prince threw away the richest jewel, that he might know himself to be but man and a passing shadow. Wherefore, arriving back in London—amidst that most splendid spectacle there yet seen—the conquering Henry himself appeared not in such splendid state, as his prisoner princes. He would not allow songs in his honour, nor suffer his bruised helmet

[1] Henry V's ' chapel ' was said to be a glory of western Europe. In 1418, to celebrate Easter at Rouen, his ' chapel royal ' was taken across the Channel. The English, then, as perhaps they had the most beautiful embroidery of any Christian land—specimens most prized in continental museums to-day, being often fifteenth century English—so they had, down to the Reformation, Church music of the best, now being brought forth again, out of the prison-house of Protestantism. (*V.* the Oxford Press, *Tudor Church Music*, ten volume series—third volume out, 1925.)

and his bent sword used at Agincourt, to be borne before him.[1]

But very few years afterwards—in 1422— King Henry the Fifth died; probably of ague from exposure in a flooded country, and from inward ulcers, resulting from hard campaigning and bad food. When dying, Monstrelet writes, "he earnestly demanded of the physicians, how long they thought he had to live. One of them, as spokesman, falling on his knees, said, 'Sire, you must think on your soul; for unless it be the will of God to decree otherwise, it is impossible that you should live more than two hours.' The king, hearing this, sent for his confessor, some of his household, and his chaplains, whom he ordered to chant the seven penitential psalms. When they came to 'Benigne fac Domine,' where mention is made of 'muri Hierusalem,' he stopped them, and said aloud, that he had fully intended after he had wholly subdued the realm of France to his obedience, and restored it to peace, to have gone to conquer the kingdom of Jerusalem, if it had pleased his Creator to have granted him longer life. Having said this, he allowed the priests to proceed, and shortly after . . . gave up the ghost."

When his father, Henry IV, had lain a-dying, in the abbot's house, at Westminster, 1413, his son had whispered: "My lord, he has just consecrated the Body of Our Lord; I entreat you to worship Him by whom kings reign and princes rule." His father raised himself, stretched forth his hands to the altar, giving, then, dying kiss and blessing to his son. After his father's death, Prince Henry, in grief, went into an oratory in the monastery, and there, on bare knees, spent the day bewailing, with tears, his sins and

[1] For further influence of religion, one may note, in his son's day, that in 1455, after St Alban's battle, these were the terms of peace and friendship: York and Salisbury and Warwick were to endow St Alban's Abbey with £45 [our £500 and more] a year, for masses for souls of Somerset, and others killed on King Henry's side; to whose sons and widows they were to make payments. And next day there was a procession to St Paul's, the Lancastrian King Henry walking, crowned, followed by his queen and the Yorkist leader; and after them, hand in hand, the rival lords in pairs.

follies; and, that night (as has been recounted above), made confession to the recluse. "Inter haec, et innumera similia [*ejaculations*], nudis genibus, in terram provolutus, cor humiliatum frequenter tundens, et compuncto spiritu misericordiam Salvatoris invocans, ymbres largissimos lacrimarum ab oculorum fontibus derivavit."

Henry V himself was a benefactor to the abbey of Westminster. After his death, in France, at the age of thirty-three, his body, for a time, was in Rouen Cathedral. Thence, with great pomp, to Westminster Abbey. At this funeral, the chief mourner was James I of Scotland, behind the *effigies* of Henry; then, for the first time carried, instead of the embalmed body. Henry's three chargers were led up to the altar. The helmet—not (as noted above) the "bruised helmet" used at Agincourt—the saddle, and the shield, used at the funeral, still hang above the tomb. The original inscription on the tomb is gone: 'Gallorum mastix jacet hic Henricus in urna; Anno MCCCCXXII. Donat omnia virtus.' According to his will, a chantry was built over his body, early in the reign of Henry VI. 'It was shaped liked H; the tomb, below the stroke; and, above, the Altar of the Annunciation.' Three Masses, he willed, were there to be said daily for the repose of his soul, while the world lasteth; one of the three to be in honour of some mystery of Our Lady's life—such as the Visitation, Purification, Assumption—and prayers by thirty poor men, who, at the end of each 'Hail Mary' added: 'Mary, Mother of God, be mindful of thy servant Henry, who placed all his trust in thee.' Even now, adds Monstrelet—who died in 1453—as much honour and reverence is daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he were a saint in paradise.

The figure on the tomb, near St Edward's spared shrine, is now a shapeless oak block. The head, sceptre, and other regalia, all of silver, and the gilded plates of brass covering the figure were stolen during the Reformation robberies, at the end of Henry VIII's reign. (Not in Sir Roger de Coverley's limited sense: "Some Whig, I'll warrant you"

—when that innocent knight looked at the sacrilegious mutilation.) Says a modern sadder and wiser English guide, concerning Henry V's chantry: "Priests no longer say Masses three times a day; nor do wax lights 'of eight pounds each' burn at High Mass and Vespers. Nowadays (1870) it is filled with dusty models of Sir C. Wren's churches." The chantry meant something; it means nothing, to those who may now yet keep it decently, for honour's sake of former deeds. As to the Masses for his soul, he is not perhaps, quite forgotten, in the Westminster of the Catholic Cathedral hard by, where Henry's religion lives again in his London. His nuns of Chudleigh-Syon are bound, as has been said, to have him specially in mind. "'Tis a good way, methinks, to be remembered by posterity, and much more noble than an history." Otherwise, "there is no antidote against the opium of Time, which temporarily considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." [1]

Sir H. Nicholas in his book on Agincourt tells the story of Henry's churchmanship, less compromising than the Pope's. It is of Olandyne, and his twenty men-at-arms well fitted out. He came to Henry at Southampton. Henry, "the most virtuous king," "as the child of God," refused him, "as an inconstant man." Olandyne had become a Carthusian, his wife becoming a nun and remaining such. But Olandyne "at the instigation of the devil, enemy to all virtue, after a little time repented his profession, and obtained from the Pope a dispensation from his vows." When Henry refused Olandyne, he, "as a man replete with pride," went over to the French, and was killed at Agincourt, "right for fighting against the Englishmen."

Then this Protestant historian gives Henry's will—stating: "This is my last will, subscribed with my own hand, R.H. Jesu mercy and gramercy; Lady Marie help."

[1] Thus religion and experience in Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1628), whom his new Church of England had taught, he says, to consider *fidelium animae per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace* to be "a heresy of my greener days."

And Nicholas finds difficulty in reconciling Henry's " lawless ambition," and " hypocrisy " with " Christianity." " But, as he rigidly observed every rite of the church, was bountiful towards its members, and uniformly ascribed his success to the Almighty, it is not surprising that his contemporaries should have described him as eminently pious." Must the Happy Warrior, to make his peace with God, be ever at peace with man? Or must he be never deceived by ambition, nor deluded by hypocrisy? The Henry of Shakespeare is represented as being neither one nor the other. He had indeed been recognised as a devoted son of the Church. The Lollards hated him. The Lollard-supported plot against him (of his cousin Cambridge and the rest) was punished by the conspirators' deaths. But the king no sooner sailed for France than the Lollards again emerged from their hiding-places, and stirred up sedition, placing writings again on London church doors, with exhortation to avenge their wrongs, now that " the prince of priests," as they called him, was gone.[1] On Henry's second expedition in 1417—mingled by Shakespeare with the first of 1415—seditious bills attacking the Church were set up, in some towns, on every considerable house. Sir John Oldcastle was believed to have incited the Scots to invade England in the king's absence.[2] In 1413, he had planned to destroy Henry and his court during a Twelfth Night ' mumming ' at Eltham ; whence the court suddenly removed, in time, to Westminster.[3] Which thing is not known, as ' Gunpowder Plot ' is known ; because England left Catholicism ; and also because, as Cardinal Newman said : " Bad luck to us Catholics, we never kept a record of Protestant (or of Morning-Star) scandals." Therefore it is, that Sir John Oldcastle, standing out in vice among young Henry's dissolute early companions, has Shakespeare's vindication that he " died a martyr " (2 *Henry IV*, Epilogue), and was not to be disgraced by being thought a Sir John of the

[1] Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, i, 84.
[2] *Ib.*, i, 94.
[3] *Ib.*, i, 79.

play ; called therein, indeed, " my old lad of the castle." Sir John Oldcastle, and not Sir John Falstaff, should the Hostess have sent to " Arthur's bosom," had the Catholic Mary Stuart supplanted Anne Boleyn's bastard daughter as Shakespeare's queen. In the older dramatists, Oldcastle was " the ruffian knight, as all England knows." Protestant England was to cease to know. And even as King John was a good virtuous anti-papal hero, in plays making the new Protestant tradition of Virtue versus the Pope, so Oldcastle, Lollard, was idealised ; and everything blackguard forgiven or forgotten, in the ' martyr.' Henry V's parliament had addressed the king, to say, that what Oldcastle and his Lollards meant by " reforming the priesthood and the knighthood," was " to destroy the Christian faith, the king, the spiritual and temporal estates, and all manner of policy and law." Henry's proclamation then stated that the Lollards designed " to destroy him, his brothers, and several of the spiritual and temporal lords, to confiscate the possessions of the Church, to secularise the religious orders, to divide the realm into confederate districts, and to appoint Sir John Oldcastle president of the Commonwealth." Under Oldcastle the Lollards allied themselves to all, indeed, who were opposed to Henry V—*e.g.*, partisans of the Earl of March as king, of the impostor representing Richard II as still alive, and the Scots, and the Welsh. Twenty thousand Lollards were to be in St Giles' Fields on January 9, 1413, when the city apprentices were to rise. Henry had the city gates barred. He went to the Fields. The insurgents dispersed. Thirty-five of their leaders were executed—Oldcastle himself ; but not till after four years (1413-1417) ' on the run.' It is not an exaggeration—in the Conservative mind of Dean Hook, *Lives of Archbishops*, iii, 72—to say, that " When we speak of the Lollards as martyrs we ought to regard them as a kind of political martyrs rather than religious : they made religion their plea, in order to swell the numbers of the discontented ; but their actions all tended to a revolution in the State as well as in the

Church." For which, to-day, they are not without praise from revolutionaries; for whom their 'Protestantism' is naught. They "directed their first attacks upon the Church, because the Church was the most vulnerable part of the Constitution. But the civilians—the citizen people—were quite as much alarmed at their proceedings, as ecclesiastics. Both the Church and the State regarded the principles of the Lollards as subversive of all order, in things temporal as well as in things spiritual." 'Early Victorian' stands, now, for decency and the decalogue; but Tennyson's 'Victorian' stands for old-fashioned foolishness, about *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*, who, lifting up the voice, in unison, of Lord Tennyson-cum-Canon Kingsley-cum-Archdeacon Hare-cum-Dr Arnold-cum-Mr Froude, mourns for the popish un-Anglican King Henry V:

> "He might have come to learn
> Our Wiclif's learning, but the worldly Priests
> Who fear the king's hard common-sense should find
> What rotten piles uphold their mason works
> Urge him to foreign war. O had he will'd
> I might have stricken a lusty stroke for him,
> But he would not; far liever led my friend
> Back to the pure and universal church,
> But he would not. Whether that heirless flaw
> In his throne's title make him feel so frail,
> He leans on Antichrist; or that his mind,
> So quick, so capable in soldiership,
> In matters of the faith, alas the while!
> More worthy than all the kingdoms of this world,
> Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest."

As a matter of fact, in 1415, to raise money for the war, *alien* priories—more than a hundred—were dissolved and given to the Crown; sign of national rather than Catholic spirit. The secular clergy were too ready to cast undue share of the levying on the regulars. But these projects against Church money were the means to find money for the invasion of France; the which was cause of the ecclesiastical spoliation, not a means to prevent such.

The great Church of the English fifteenth century was, in the sixteenth, to fall by other ruffian hands, and by its own lack of needed godly reforms, and godly courage towards kings. It had its coward and court bishops, worshippers of authority, with all their now apparent abominable follies. But it had its martyrs, among them its Oxford Campion, ex-heretic, and Jesuit, who, when Shakespeare was a young man, had his 'Decem Rationes' for keeping to the religion of 1000 years in England, left on all the seats at a University commemoration sermon. To the successor of Henry V, this Blessed Edmund Campion spoke, out of all the Christian past: "Elizabeth most mighty Queen, . . . I tell thee, one heaven cannot gather in, Calvin and these thine ancestors. Join thyself therefore to these princes, else shalt thou stand unworthy of that name of thine. In condemning us, you condemn all your own ancestors, all ancient bishops, priests, and kings, all that was once the glory of England, the island of saints and the most devoted child of the see of Peter. . . . To this end I do conspire against thee. . . . All hail, thou good Cross! The day shall come, O Elizabeth! the day that shall make it altogether clear which of the two did love thee best; the company of Jesus, or the brood of Luther."

Dr Gregory Martin, the Oxford scholar, and translator, at Rheims, of the New Testament, had spoken the word which made this brilliant Campion decide against a successful Protestant career, and in favour of the life and death of a hunted and pilloried Jesuit. Martin, in those days of Shakespeare's unheroic youth, was writing *The Love of the Soule*, to plead with his sisters, who had let themselves sink into the England of Elizabeth; and to stir them to escape thereout: "Within these forty yeares, there was no other fayth openly professed but ours. . . . And now, how many are there thinke you of secret Catholics,[1] that wish for the

[1] The treatise comprises also 'A Letter sent to a Gentleman of Authority touching his Following the World, and dissembling in Religion against his Conscience and Knowledge'—"you, in conscience a Catholike, and in

old religion againe with al their hart, and follow the new only for feare? Aske good Sisters, aske, and you shal learne that all the prisons, not only of London, but of England, are full of them,[1] because they will not yield to these new

outward shew you professe the contrary. . . . But alas, to be a slave to heretical advancements, doth not become a wise man: and so great contempt of Christ and his Church, cannot stand with the name of Catholique."

[1] In Bishopsgate Street Without, Roger Line and William Heigham were arrested, while hearing Mass in the house of the martyr the Ven. Anne Line, wife and sister of these young English Catholics of nineteen years. Roger (said Fr. Gerard, S.J., who knew him) "had been heir to a fine estate; but his father or uncle—(he was heir to both)—sent a message from his death-bed to young Line, then a prisoner for the faith, asking him to conform and go to some heretical church for once, otherwise he would have to give up his inheritance to his younger brother. 'If I must give up God or the world,' was his son's courageous answer, 'I prefer to give up the world, for it is good to cleave unto God.' So both his father's and his uncle's estate went to his younger brother. I saw this latter once (in his elder brother's room) dressed in silk and other finery; while his brother had on plain and mean clothes."

And as to his brother-in-law, William Heigham: "He was a well-educated gentleman, finely dressed like other high-born Londoners. He supported a priest named Thomson; whom I afterwards saw martyred" —the priest who promised Anne Line that if he got the grace of martyrdom he would pray in heaven that she might share it. "As soon as young Heigham's father learned that he, too, had become a Catholic"—the only worship that that father, in his own youth, had seen in England—"he went and sold his estates (the rents of which were reckoned at 6000 florins yearly), that it might not pass to his son. The son was afterwards arrested for the faith; and he and his priest together, if I mistake not, were thrown into the prison of Bridewell, where vagrants are shut up, and put to hard labour under the lash. I paid him a visit there, and found him toiling at the treadmill all covered with sweat." His Elizabethan days, for him and for a multitude like him, were little "spacious"; though such English youths made them "great." Days, the counterpart of the days of god-like Herod, of Herodias and her daughter, and of the disaffected defeated Baptist; days, as the world felt, of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties.

But at least those were not days of the midsummer madness which sees these young Catholic martyrs as having gone over to a new 'Roman' religion, if remaining in the religion wherein they had been bred; and which sees, in their murderers' railings against that religion, a continuity with the religion whereat they railed. No one in those days was so mad as some seem in ours.

Jewel, the new Elizabethan Bishop of Salisbury, "the chosen representative of the English reform" (so Dr Frere, present High Church Bishop of Truro, calls him) was quite sane and plain, in 1560, on "the religion which we now profess;" for "railing against" which, "Bonner (Catholic Bishop of London), the monk Feckenham (last Abbot in Westminster Abbey), etc., are sent to prison." "Religion is everywhere changed." And Jewel writes to the Zurich ex-Italian prior, Peter Martyr, exulting that in Scotland (1559) "the nobility are restoring religion. All the monasteries are everywhere levelled with the ground; the theatrical

proceedings, nor contaminate their soules with this new service, and leave the old, true, and Catholic fayth. Besides a number of sundry degrees, which are dead in prisons: namely twenty-three Bishops, all deprived of their livings these twenty years, and now but two of them living: I omit Doctors, Deanes, Archdeacons, Knights, Squiers, partly in prison, partly departed the Realms, and forsaking all, rather than they will forsake God, and his most true, and undoubted Religion. This is true (good Sisters) as knoweth God: you seldome heare of these thinges, and therefore you thinke there is no other Religion but that cold service without all comfort and devotion which you see in your parish Church," now.

Elizabeth was crowned as a Catholic queen, like her ancestors; she took the old oath, she received Holy Communion. Down to her father's coronation, was used the miraculous phial received by St Thomas à Becket as from Mary Queen of Heaven; used first at the coronation of Henry V's father. Shakespeare wrote, under the profane scoffing queen. He dwelt on "reverence that angel of the world." But, further, he held his peace. He at least was not the man to die a martyr. But he was sometimes in a rage in his heart. Was it the 'Reformation,' at Henry V's Syon Abbey, and elsewhere, that the Elizabethan poet had in mind, when he cried:

> "When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
> The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
> When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
> And brass eternal slave to mortal rage"?

dresses, the sacrilegious chalices, the idols, the altars, are consigned to the flames; not a vestige of the ancient superstition and idolatry is left." England-Scotland-Geneva, all one in their Protestantism; and so, Jewel to Peter Martyr: "We have exhibited to the queen all our articles of religion and doctrine, and have not departed in the slightest degree from the confession of Zurich. . . . We do not differ from your doctrine by a nail's-breadth" (1562). "Our papists oppose us most spitefully; and none more obstinately than those who have abandoned us. This it is to have once tasted of the Mass! Depart from it, all ye who value a sound mind." "The Mass priests absent themselves altogether from public worship." (August 1, 1599.)

Then,

> " To behold desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
> And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
>
> . . . . .
>
> And simple truth miscalled simplicity.
> And captive Good attending captain Ill.
>
> Tired with all these, from these would I be gone
> —Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

Shakespeare's England (ii, 50), noting Shakespeare's ' swan-song ' :

> " The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And . . . leave not a rack behind " ;

reflects as to " the solemn temples," that " the crowning glories of our native architecture which we know to-day are few in number compared with those which still existed in Shakespeare's time," or when his parents were born. The *Athenæum* once calculated, that about one in ten of the great churches of little Catholic England have survived the flash of gospel light from Boleyn's eyes. Shakespeare, or, more, his recusant father, " might have seen—very likely did see—vast churches, fellows of Westminster Abbey, of which now a few stones, or perhaps even the memory alone now exist." (In 1917 a church as large as Chichester Cathedral was recalled, whose very site had been forgotten, until a railway was grubbing it up.) " Some of them were still in use " in Shakespeare's reformed day, " some were being converted into dwellings, some were already dismantled, and may have prompted his (Sonnet lxxiii) comparison of leafless trees to

> ' Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.' "

The silence of Shakespeare in his last years; the secret of Shakespeare, the heart of whose mystery some would pluck out—is there some lifting of the veil, when one sees a dreamer, who lived after Henry VIII, and under Elizabeth, and wrote of Henry V?

VI

THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND ROME

SHAKESPEARE read a part of English history with great interest and profit, setting forth his characters, grave and gay, weak and strong, in war and in riot, and in peace ; in pleasure, and in the inevitable sorrow ; forming here also, his scenes of human interest, quite apart from their historical setting. That life of character, as has here been repeated, is the chief interest in the poet's work. Shakespeare himself, too, might be in one's mind, in these, his historical plays ; and the sides he takes, his patriotism ; his jests at revolutions, his moral judgments.

But here, for the moment, keep to the history, illustrated indeed, by lives before us ; thinking what Shakespeare brings, to minds, and even to hearts, in the three hundred years preceding his generation. It is those Middle Ages beginning with the thirteenth century (the most interesting century, thinks a Matthew Arnold, of any of the established Christian era ; how much greater, by its men, than Shakespeare's own sixteenth, a Bishop Stubbs writes [1]), and ending with the break-up of that Christendom of the nations, whose unity in civilisation had been so largely brought about by the common centralised religion.

[1] And, Frederic Harrison, out of his *Religion of Humanity* : " Of all epochs of effort after a new life, that of the age of Aquinas, Roger Bacon, St Francis, St Louis, Giotto, and Dante, is the most purely spiritual, the most really constructive, and indeed the most truly philosophic."

It is Catholic England. Shakespeare had no other to look back to; nor is there in him the faintest sign of a Reformation or a Revolution tendency to belittle and degrade one's ancestry, when seeking excuses for the violent overthrow of their faith and their way of life. Did he dare, at the Mermaid, to put his whole soul in a jest of sudden flame, over the Anglican Church's Homily humbug, and its ridiculous wailing—" an horrible and most dreadful thing to think ! "—over all the " laity and clergy, and of all ages and degrees of men, women and children of whole Christendom, drowned in idolatry . . . by the space of eight hundred years and more." St Patrick might have escaped, by the usual logicless line; but St Augustine of Canterbury hardly; St Bede was well in, and King Alfred deeper; St Edward the Confessor, deeper and deeper still; and, the later getting lower, Henry V has only less of heresy's damning than has Blessed Thomas More and Katherine the Queen. It was hard for a humorist to be an Anglican, hard for a fellow with some soul not to be a mocker thereat. " And truly, men of learning and genius, the gentle and the affectionate, who love to enter into communion with all who have ever been generous, high, and holy in the world, must feel that it is very shocking to exclude all who professed the faith of Catholics in union with the Holy See—scholars, orators, statesmen, mighty and gracious princes, philosophers, poets, and men given to divine contemplation—from that society, in which they may even enjoy the presence of those virtuous sages who lived before the coming of the Messiah. It may be very deplorable that in place of these they must, in accordance with the views of their Church historians . . . cherish the recollection of certain obscure or turbulent persons, who in successive ages of the Church were censured by their more eminent contemporaries, as being deficient in knowledge or discretion, or even moral virtue; who may perhaps, however, have had honest intentions, but without a mind to render them of service to mankind; who may have opposed the wickedness of their age, but without

measure and without charity ; who may have been anxious for good, but who wanted the wisdom which could effect it : all this may be very revolting to the imagination and to the judgment." Therein spoke that honourable book, Kenelm Digby's *Broadstone of Honour*—'Morus,' p. 621—feeling its way, in the blinder England of a century since. Those Middle Ages were the ages of the ideals of chivalry, the reverence extorted from fierce men by gentleness and purity, when, as the historian Lecky expressed it, the ideal of Blessed Mary was doing more than any other teaching, to civilise men's hearts and make them submit to a God of love and justice ; when, in outburst of personal devotion to their Redeemer, they rushed, in the east, to save the blessed land where He had trod, and to avenge their brethren in faith ; wild men or noble they were, generous or ambitious, unrestrained, wicked it may be, cowardly or brave, yet with a general inspiration, throughout their bands, that self-sacrifice, and for a religion, was the noblest of acts, and the most manly ; men, they were, who showed their worst, perhaps like children, like the bolder criminals, sometimes ; but who were without the interior corruption that doubts as to right being right, and wrong wrong ; men who had faith, acknowledging moral and religious truths, at the crises of life, and at death.

Their piety showed itself in the great art of the cathedrals, and the no less pure form of parish church, and hall, and school, and hospital ; those institutions sprung from a people, and cut down by rapacious kings at the time of the Great Pillage, one generation before Shakespeare. "History (so-called) has remembered the kings and warriors, because they destroyed ; Art has remembered the people, because they created" ; wrote William Morris in our age.

And those were the ages, too, of the rise of the universities, the common houses for the mind, among those noisy, quarrelsome dwellers in the rooms of the one house of Christendom. Those who studied, passed from land to land ; and nationalism was the more humane.

The towns were rising, those organised municipalities, with their common life, their guilds for mutual service and the relief of the suffering, and the encouragement and support of those setting out in life, for public works and public schools, for regulation of labour; with religion guiding all.

And the labourers were sometimes more fortunate in worldly things than they have been, amongst us; and sometimes they were greatly oppressed.[1] And men had

[1] "Never before or since, have the working-men of England been as well off; and this period of plenty lasted with slight deductions down to the introduction of great sheep-farms and the destruction of the monasteries." (Thorold Rogers, on the end of the fourteenth century.) Be it remembered, nevertheless, that the *Utopia* spoke of "sheep, Devourers of Men," twenty years before the monks were replaced by lay lords, no doubt greater ranchers and more grasping, less scrupulous, more impiously triumphant as rich over poor, and more of a law unto themselves; at that "change of faith," which in Froude's words, "had brought with it no increase of freedom and less of charity," that Reformation, which "to the People of England had brought misery and want"; through which, "the once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened," "the ancient loyalty of man to man exchanged for scuffling and selfishness."

And yet *erat in principio, sicut et nunc.* There were bad men before. And laments and satires have absolute, it may be, but not full relative truth. Chaucer's *Ballade* sent to King Richard II, was of the fourteenth, not the sixteenth century; and dated from the lifetime of Henry the Fifth:

> "Sometyme the worlde was so stedfast and stable,
> That mannes worde was holde obligacioun . . .
> Amonges us nowe a man is holde unhable,
> But yf he kan, by somme collusyoun,
> Do his neighbour wronge or oppressioun . . .
> Vertu hath now noo dominacioun;
> Pitee exiled, noo man ys merciable;
> Thurgh covytise is blente discrecioun;
> The worlde hath made permutacioun
> Fro ryghte to wrong, fro trouthe to fikelnesse."

A kindly-naïve, but earnest priest among us has recalled his young days, wondering why popes were always complaining of the ways of men—so vain and melancholy—before he himself had better

> "understood this place
> Appointed for our second race."

And yet, again, out of violent Welsh anti-popery, Mr Lloyd George last year—he who had reproached the Reformation House of Cecil as reeking with the fat and blood of sacrilege—is now on a positive tack leading to right, when he said, at a Portsmouth meeting: "There is one historical truth which it would be worth while for social reformers to get into their minds to-day. It is, that the ages of Faith were ages when the greatest things were done for the improvement of the conditions of the world. . . . In the Middle Ages men went out to seek for oppression in order to redeem

visions of a new earth by a social equality ; even as they have to-day.

In England, those ' Shakespeare ' centuries saw the Great Charter, the absorption of the Norman by Saxon, the rise of the new, half-French, modern English language, the cutting off from Normandy, the conquest of Wales, the attempted union of all the British Isles, and the beginning of a national literature. And in those centuries there rose to its highest, and there declined, the organised influence of the Church over society. " By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that preceded the downfall of the Roman Empire ; by infusing into Christendom the conception of a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood "—O, that we were there !—" and of a moral tie which is superior to force ; by softening slavery into serfdom and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labour, Catholicism laid the very foundation of modern civilisation. That Church which often seemed so haughty and overbearing in its dealings with kings and nobles, never failed to listen to the poor and oppressed ; and for many centuries their protection was the foremost of all the objects of its policy." (Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, ii, 37.) " Never," says the paradoxical Froude—so violent against the Church at other times—now writing concerning that thirteenth century specially, " in all their history, in ancient times, or modern, never that we know of, have mankind grown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful as the Catholic Church. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognised rule of action ; every one of us is expected to look out for himself first, and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of, the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience ; and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The

those who endured it. . . . Then the reaction came. Faith weakened, ideals were dimmed. Rapacity seized the nobles. And the hungry, the blind, the distressed, the oppressed, were all forgotten." And yet, in Joubert's thought, " les siècles où vous êtes peu adoré, ô mon Dieu, ne sont point les siècles heureux."

bishops and clergy were regarded simply and freely as the immediate ministers of the Almighty ; and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate, in their character. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these are the qualities before which the free-born of Europe have been contented to bow ; and in no order of men were such qualities found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fulness of reverence, kings and nobles bent to their power. . . . Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed, defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls, and that they would, one day, stand at the awful judgment bar and give account of their lives there." [1]

So, over and above all, there reigned the great institution, the Church acting through its Papacy ; which now, when Shakespeare begins, under King John (1199-1216), wielded its power across the world of our civilisation, notwithstanding the longings and strugglings of local tyrants for national religious establishments. And why did Popes aim at this power ? In the answer lies the key to understanding the struggle, as between an Innocent III on the one side, and a John, as also a greater Philip Augustus, on the other—" Innocent, a pontiff, who, to the vigour of youth and unsullied purity of character, added the most lofty notions of the papal authority, and a determination to restrain the excesses and immorality of the different princes of Christendom." So the Catholic Lingard. " His high, blameless, and in some respects wise and gentle character, seems to approach more nearly than any one of the whole succession of Roman Bishops, to the ideal light of a supreme pontiff." And so the Protestant Milman. (Was it not when

[1] *Short Studies on Great Subjects* : ' Times of Erasmus and Luther.'

writing his *Leben Innocenz III* (1234-42) that Hurter, weary of Erastianism, became Catholic ?) The first promoter of this Papal monarchy, Hildebrand, St Gregory the Seventh (b. 1085), had maintained the cause of religious liberty in the earlier Middle Ages, the independence of the spirituality from (to use his own words) " kings, tyrants, dukes, princes, and all the jailers of human souls "—he who not unfittingly, in such a world as this, had, as last words : " I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and, therefore, I die in exile."

And the John of Innocent the Third's day was truly one such jailer. " ' Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John.' The terrible verdict of the king's contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history." Of course the tyrant was at war with the Papacy ; for, as Guizot had said of it in ages before : " After the fall of the Roman Empire, it was the Papacy which, in the turmoil of the violent disorders of the times, was the defender and the patron of the rights of the people."

" The priesthood like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power."

For the eleventh century in England, Freeman held that : " Under the rule of William the Red, law had become unlaw, and in appealing from him to the apostolic throne, Anselm might deem he was appealing from mere force and fraud to the only shadow of right that was still left on earth." " If ever there was a time when the popes honestly endeavoured to carry out the idea of their office, it was just at this period of the Middle Ages. They attempted to erect an independent throne of truth and justice above the passions and the force which reigned in the world around." But the stock English nationalists write about how " Shakespeare depicts with true English spirit "—the spirit of Henry VIII, not that of Henry V—" the ambition, the political greed, the faithlessness, the sophistry of the court of Rome." Nevertheless, it is indeed time, says a Saturday Reviewer concerning some late anti-papalist and would-be

falsifier of history, that we abandon our grudgings, our suspicions, our protests against the Papacy ; such as would make us prefer a John to an Innocent. " Is not the priest the minister of peace ? " said King John at Runnymede. And the Archbishop Langton's answer was : " The priest of Jesus is the friend of man." Rome the nurse of judgment was so obviously right, about John and his England ; and John, not his priests, opposed the Pope. And this, in truth, was what Shakespeare's last king, Henry the Eighth, did ; as did his first, King John. They opposed the Pope. And the dramatist had to present them to the new ' Elizabethan ' audience, half de-Catholicised, and sensitively national. He presented these kings, then, as little harshly as might be. His John only partly meant to kill the boy Arthur ; and his Henry loudly praises Katherine, even while he is crushing her in the agony of her despair. And we half feel they are not such bad fellows. At least, a post-Reformation audience sees they are English kings and anti-papal patriots. Though, indeed, Shakespeare did modify the old play of *King John ;* which period of " history had lately [1] been brought upon the stage, under the hottest and most glaring light that could be thrown on it by the fire of fanatical partisanship. *The Troublesome Reign of King John,* weakest and most wooden of all wearisome chronicles that ever cumbered the boards, had in it, for sole principle of life, its power of congenial appeal to the same blatant and vulgar spirit of Protestantism which inspired it " ; Swinburne judges.

Thus it appeals :

Monk to Abbot. The king is our enemy . . . why then should we not kill our enemy ?

Abbot. O blessed Monke ! I see God moves thy minde to free this land from tyrants' slavery. . . .

[1] As an interlude, at Cranmer's palace, Christmas 1538, soon after the martyred Pilgrimage of Grace, was presented a *King John,* perhaps part of Bale's old play. A newly-enlightened witness found it " one of the best matters ever I saw touching King John—as noble a prince as ever was in England ; and thereby we might perceive that he was the beginner of the putting down of the Bp. of Rome, and thereof we might all be glad."

Monk. I'll free my Country and the Church from foes, and merit heaven by killing of a king.

Abbot. Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art resolv'd,
I will absolve thee heere from all thy sinnes,
For why, the deed is meritorious.

Monk. God and St Francis prosper my attempt.

John. . . . O Philip I am poysond,
The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage.

Bastard. . . . This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friars.

A text had been taken, and a sermon preached, for Henry-Elizabeth national sovereignty, of sceptre plus crozier, and the far vision of the beautiful wonders celebrated by Fletcher's—or another's—Cranmer, at the end of *Henry VIII*. And so the *Old King John* continues :

" John, there is no way to keepe the Crowne
But finely to dissemble with the Pope."

However,

" Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'abolish Pope and Poperie from thy Realme :
But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all,
A King shall raigne that shall suppress tham all."

Shakespeare, it seems, may have used this play—though Swinburne thinks not. But, in any case, though it be his remote source, he has not such a scene as the scene in the old play that mocks and insults monastic life ; a thing Shakespeare never treats with scorn. Consider his *Romeo and Juliet*, his *Measure for Measure*, his *As You Like It*. And, indeed, as Gairdner notes, " the old scandals " (as to the general life of sixteenth century monasteries) " were universally discredited at the time, and were believed by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance." The Elizabethan dramatist has anti-papal passages in his *King John*. But perhaps one might half answer, so had had St Bernard with his warnings, or Bishop Grosseteste, of later mediæval days, prostrate at the feet of his holiness, but rejecting—in words quoted here further on—what he

judged to be the Pope's unjustly-imposed nominee. There is an anti-papal tone throughout this Shakespeare play ; but it is a crying up of the fatherland, rather than a crying down of the Pope. The legate Pandulph is presented unabused from any side. He is merely official and hard. Yet he comforts and advises Constance : " And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say, That we shall see and know our friends in heaven " (iii, 4). To Shakespeare's conservative mind, the union of Christendom, the papal bond between civilised men, could readily appeal.

Anyway, what is it that does happen in Shakespeare's play, between Pope and King ? The Pope interferes, calls on John to give up evil ways and oppression ; even as he had called on Philip to take back his lawful wife. It was in an age when an Innocent could force a Philip, not one in which a Henry could defy a hesitating Clement—that Pope who showed " far too great deference to an unprincipled sovereign," as was Gairdner's judgment upon this Clement VII. " The Church, the great institution which could offer resistance to the royal will, was not yet struck down." John refuses to obey ; and England is laid under an interdict ; the King himself is excommunicated, and the Pope supports the invading French avenger. Then John yields, and the invaders are now exhorted to give over their attempts. And even the barons are excommunicated, who have signed the Great Charter, without having regard to John's sovereign right ; though in the next reign the Charter itself is confirmed by the Pope.

Is this all for papal ambition ? And for what else, as a cause thereof ?—one is tempted to add. Or is it to enforce some of the ten commandments ?

And whence, by the way, did interdicts take their rise ? When, after the death (814) of Charlemagne, the different nations groaned under the oppression of warlike nobles—as in Schiller's shreckliche, kaiserlose Zeit—whose rapacity respected neither the sanctity of the altar, nor the rights of humanity, then the clergy, in order to restrain the ferocity

of these numerous tyrants, had recourse to every expedient which religion could furnish or ingenuity could suggest. "Till the nobles cease from their ravages, do you forbid the celebration of mass, the solemnity of marriage, and the burial of the dead. Let the churches be stripped of their ornaments, and the faithful observe the abstinence of Lent." So advised, in synod, an abbot whose word was followed. And hence papal interdicts. Green's account of an interdict is an exaggeration. "All administration," he says, "of the sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the land; . . . the dead lay unburied on the ground." His account follows Caxton's translation of *Reynard the Fox*—"that no man shal rede, ne syngen, ne crystene children, ne burye the deede, ne receyve sacramente." But what an interdict refers to is (generally speaking) the solemnities of worship; whose absence would, to be sure, profoundly disturb a Catholic people. But, every Catholic, then and now, would feel, that for the Church to interdict, for instance, the sacrament of penance, in last need, is for the Church to cease to be a Church, the offer of Christ's means of salvation. Of course, absolution was granted to all not personally participators of the crime for which the interdict was laid. Marriage was without the ceremonies thereof. Communion was given in case of emergency. Also, it seems, Confirmation was given; and Orders, in case of necessity.

John at length was beaten down, and became the liegeman of the Pope of Rome. Dr Lingard's defence, in part (of what he considered, indeed, the "disgraceful act" of an English king becoming a vassal of Rome), is a reasonable defence to begin with—that you must transport yourself into the epoch in question, and must see things as they then were seen. But, further, what was a vassal? There was nothing degrading in being such. In all cases of lord, vassal, and sub-vassal, the lord had no direct right over the sub-vassal, nor any direct estate or interest in his territory. . . . At that time, there scarcely was, in Christendom, a sovereign who

was not possessed of territories, for which he was a vassal, either to some other sovereign, or to the subject of another sovereign.[1] As the *Cambridge Mediæval History* (iii) notes, telling another truth : " The Pope was unquestioned spiritual chief of Christendom. Otto was at the same time his suzerain with regard to the papal land, and his subject as a member of the Church." Your suzerain needed not to be your sovereign. The King of Spain (later on), as Duke of Burgundy, and for other possessions, was vassal of the Emperor. The Kings of Scotland were vassals of England. The Kings of England were vassals of France. Richard, of England, became vassal to the German Emperor ; and Scotland, to defeat Edward, became vassal of the Pope. Then John, in his acceptance of suzerainty, had the consent and concurrence of his barons, those patriots whom we praise at Runnymede. " To the barons it offered a [Pope] protector, to whom, as superior lord, they might appeal from the despotic government of his vassal." And it was " from that moment that they began to demand the grant of their liberties." The removal of John's excommunication meant, that he swore fealty to the pontiff, and then that he would abolish all illegal customs, restore to every man his rights, and revive the laws of the good King Edward the Confessor. So much was the result, for all, of King being under Pope. " In after times," notes a modern historian, " men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame ; . . . but we see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time." Of course not.

As for the continuance of the relation, it may here be added, that, with regard to the three things promised, homage, fealty, and yearly rent, John alone performed homage ; only John and the child Henry III swore fealty ; and as to the rent, it was sometimes paid, until finally refused by Edward III.

[1] Thus the chancery lawyer, Charles Butler, in his *Book of the Roman Catholic Church :* Letter IX, on the ' Cession by King John of the Sovereignty of England to Pope Innocent III.'

But as to religious devotion to the Holy See, the retrospect, two centuries after John, of the English ambassadors at the Council of Constance, in 1414, whither they had been sent by Henry V, fairly expresses the finally accepted attitude of the mediæval English, however restive: "The Kingdom of England—thanks to God the Most High—has never swerved from its obedience to the Roman Church. It has never sought to sunder the seamless garment of Christ, or to fail in its obedience to the Roman Pontiff." "The most powerful Royal House of England has never wavered from its obedience to the Roman Church, but has always up to this day fought in most Christian fashion, under the Roman Church."

By the way, Southey notes (*Joan of Arc*, ii), that "Perhaps one consequence of the Victory at Agincourt is not generally known." Immediately on his return, Henry sent legates to the Council of Constance; and Southey quotes Stowe's words: "At this councell, by the assent of all nations there present, it was authorized and ordained, that England should obtaine the name of a nation, and should be said one of the five nations that owe their devotion to the church of Rome, which thing untill that time, men of other nations, for envy [ill-will] had delayed and letted." England's opponents at the Council maintained that there had been four 'nations'—Greek, Roman, Spanish, Irish. France especially opposed England; and her spokesman, the Cardinal of Cambray, said England had ever been reckoned as only a German province. But the French Cardinal was overruled—in all reason.

Dr John Clarke, English ambassador at Rome, when presenting Henry's 1522 book against Luther[1] to Leo X, in

[1] Luther's rage against Henry, therefore; furnishing, truly, fit ravings for Shakespeare's would-be reformer, Thersites; if he had needed the borrowing. Henry, for Luther, is "a crowned ass, a liar, a base slave, a fool, a drivelling sophist, a swine. . . . Up, you swine, burn me if you dare. . . . You're no king; you're only a blasphemer; you're nothing but a royal jawbone; you ass of a Henry." Small blame to a German Catholic who shrinks from even sitting in the room with pictures of this Doktor and his Kätchen.

public consistory—written (rumour tells) to get the Pope on the royal author's or patron's side, for the already lusted-after divorce—did protest, about " the devotion and veneration of the king towards the Pope and his Most Holy See." Luther had declared war, said Henry's mouthpiece, " against that Rock established by God Himself " ; and England " has never been behind other nations in the worship of God and the Christian faith, and in obedience to the Roman Church." Considering what she was about to do, or be led to do, one might murmur : " The lady protests too much, methinks ; " and Henry's Bishop Gardiner was instructed, not long after, to threaten the Pope that if his married master might not have his mistress to wife, King Henry VIII would consider joining himself to Luther, who, to his master, Duke Philip of Hesse, sanctioned two wives at one time ; which certainly Clement VII never did ; though Professor Pollard, misunderstanding, makes this impossible charge against that Pope.

However, Professor Maitland, in the English *Historical Review*, July 1896, has maintained, and proved, once more, that, prior to the Reformation, the Pope, in the general estimation of Englishmen, had supreme legislative power in the Church, and that the Pope was superior even to a General Council, whose own decrees, in virtue of the power conferred on him by Christ in the person of Peter, were binding in conscience on all persons, high and low, lay and clerical. These, according to that non-Catholic Maitland, " were fundamental articles of the Catholic faith and worship." A very modern local fancy, that the ecclesiastics or civil rulers of England, prior to the beginning of the second quarter of the sixteenth century, recognised no conscientious obligation of obedience to the Pope in spiritual matters, is as Maitland puts it, a fiction born of the Reformation, having no foundation in the accepted beliefs of English Christians prior to that time. " My temporalities from the King, but my spiritual authority from my lord the Pope," had been the declaration of St Thomas à Becket almost at the

hour of his martyrdom for maintaining the freedom introduced by the Gospel, and protected by Christian Rome—the " Reddite Cæsari quàe sunt Cæsaris, sed Dei Deo." [1]

In 1427 the Bishops of England addressed a letter to Pope Martin V in defence of Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been accused at Rome ; which letter runs as follows : " Most blessed father, one and only undoubted Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, with all promptitude of service and obedience, kissing most devoutly your blessed feet. . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury is, most blessed father, a most devoted son of your holiness and of the Holy Roman Church, etc."

The University of Oxford, also in the time of these Henries, wrote to the Pope declaring itself the " handmaiden of your holiness," and adds : " We, with united hearts, undoubtedly recognise you as the one Sovereign Pontiff, etc. . . . on bended knees and prostrate with all obedience, at the feet of your most holy Papacy, from our hearts we pay you the tribute of our thanks. . . . Casting ourselves, most blessed father, at your blessed feet, with the utmost

[1] At consecration, a Catholic bishop, before, as after, the Reformation episode, swore, that : " I, A., Bishop (or Abbot) of B., shall be faithful and obedient to St Peter and to the Holy Church of Rome, and to my Lord the Pope and his canonical successors. The Papacy of Rome, the rules of the Holy Fathers and the Regality of St Peter I shall help to maintain and defend. . . . The threshold of the Apostles I shall visit, at least every third year, personally or by my deputy, etc."

At the same time, there was, in England, exacted a pre-Reformation Oath of Homage : " I, A., Bishop of N., utterly renounce and clearly forsake all such clauses, words, sentences and grants which I have or shall have hereafter of the Pope's Holiness, for the Bishopric of N., that in any wise have been, are, or hereafter may be, hurtful or prejudicial to your Highness, your heirs, successors, dignity, privilege or estate royal."

Of course, the English bishops of what the Anglican coronation service describes as ' The Protestant Religion established by Law,' have taken, and do take, an Oath of Homage to the effect : " I do verily testify and declare that your Majesty is the only Supreme Governor of this realm, in *Spiritual and Ecclesiastical* things as well as Temporal, and that no foreign prelate or potentate has any jurisdiction within this realm ; and I do acknowledge and confess to have and to hold the Bishopric of N. and the possessions of the same entirely, as well the *Spiritualities* as the Temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty and of the Imperial Crown of this your Majesty's realm. And for the same possessions I do homage presently to your Majesty. So help me God and by the Holy Contents of this Book."

humility." The letter is signed: "The most devoted sons of your holiness, the unanimous body of the masters of the University of Oxford."

Certainly, as to interference with Church's action, there had been the words of Archbishop Peckham in the thirteenth century, under Edward I: "From old time a bitter strife has gone on between the Kings and nobles of England on the one side, and the Archbishops, and Bishops, and Clergy of the same kingdom on the other side, for the oppression of the Church, contrary to the Decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, contrary to the statutes of Councils, contrary to the sanctions of the orthodox fathers."

Still, as to religion and things spiritual, that Edward's son, Henry III, wrote to Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln, in 1245: "You may be assured that always and in all respects we shall show all obedience, fidelity and devotion to the Pope as our spiritual father and to the Holy Roman Church as our spiritual mother; to them will firmly adhere, both in prosperity and adversity; on the day when we do not do this, we consent to lose an eye or lose our head. God forbid that anything separate us from devotion to our spiritual father and mother."

Yet Grosseteste, like man like name, himself could be, as already noted, "anti-Roman," in things temporal, and wrote (1253) to Rome that certain of its appointments in England "tend to destruction, not edification, being of man's device and not according to the words of the Apostles or the will of Christ. By my very love and obedience to the Holy See I must refuse obedience in things altogether opposed to the sanctity of the Apostolic See, and contrary to Catholic unity. As a son and a servant I decline to obey; and this refusal must not be taken as rebellion, for it is done in reverence to divine commands." The pope, indeed—Innocent IV—held the bishop 'an old madman,' for daring to sit in judgment on him; which is more than we read of his predecessor St Peter saying, when St Paul withstood him to the face "because he was to be blamed." The cardinals

said the bishop had spoken truth, and must not be condemned: "He is Catholic, and of deepest holiness." As says even his critic Matthew Paris (a monk, hating the holy Bishop of Lincoln's too stern treatment of 'common-room' monks), Grosseteste "was an open confuter of both pope and king, the corrector of monks, the support of scholars, a persecutor of the incontinent. . . . I confidently assert that his virtues pleased God more than his failings displeased Him." Tending to no nationalist religion, the bishop welcomed foreigners, and specially friars; whose Guardian of Oxford, however, he warned, that "unless the brethren fostered their studies and gave themselves diligently to the learning of the Divine Law, it would happen most surely to them, as it happened to other Religious, whom we see, alas, walking in the darkness of ignorance." How could he not oppose Roman authorities that not only claimed church revenues, but presented illiterates to benefices? "Daily did illiterate persons of the lowest class," Matthew Paris maintained, "armed with bulls from Rome, fear not to plunder the revenues consecrated by our holy forefathers for religion and the poor. Thundering their excommunications, they soon with violence carry off what they claim."

In 1376, under Edward III, this statement was presented in what has been called the good Parliament. "There is no man that loves God and Holy Church, the King and the realm of England that has not matter for thought, sorrow, and tears, inasmuch as the court of Rome, that ought to be the fountain and source of holiness, and the uprooter of all covetousness and simony has . . . drawn to itself the collations of bishoprics and other benefices of Holy Church in England, whereof the tax amounts to more than five times the amount of all the profits pertaining to the King each year throughout the realm. . . . There are many persons who, when they have purchased a benefice, and made payment of the tax, and to the 'brocours' of benefices dwelling in the sinful city of Avignon"—where the French Popes lived, 1305-1378—"they make them let their benefices

to farm, which farm will be sent to the 'brocours' to purchase more benefices therewith. . . . Be it considered, that God has committed His sheep to our Holy Father to be fed, not to be shorn." [1]

Then it goes on to note that the Pope's collector is a French alien; and he and his 'spies,' English and other, send notices to Rome of vacancies of benefices. And also they let out the realm's secrets Of course, among such national pleaders there were, doubtless, prototypes of the Tudor lay-shepherds, the Russells, the Cecils, and all the other creatures who scrambled for the property of the Church and people of England. In mediæval England also there were stiff-necked and rebellious hearts, irreligious men demanding another sort of king to rule our souls, that they might be to themselves a law. And as to the Pope, even the most immoral popes were such wise worldly rulers (maintained the late Bishop Westcott) that, he said, were he a Roman Catholic—like his not less bookish predecessor in Durham, Bishop de Bury, appointed by papal provision, under that same Edward III—he would frame his apology for the Roman Church on papal wisdom for the nations. Obviously, the odd sectarian obsession now is, that the State must have been always right and the Church wrong; that laity were for liberty among men, and clerics for tyranny; that more corrupt men were appointed by Popes than by Kings; that the way to national prosperity was to let lords plunder priests. But the *onus probandi* was and is, commonly,

[1] Newman, in 1860, argued with Allies that there is much to be said, as against Middle Age civilisation working for the good of religion. Riches came; *ergo* corruption and worldly ways. The pest, the Reformation, if it scourged, it purged also. So did the Revolution, among the Gallican Erastians of France and Germany. In rather a headlong helter-skelter of dates, Newman considers that "During the Middle Ages Rome"—not, surely, as incarnate in a Pope St Gregory VII [1020-1085], in a Pope St Pius V [1504-1572]—"is spoken of, not only as the world, but even as Babylon. How strong is St Thomas of Canterbury [1118-1170] upon it! How the saints are used to look upon the Pontifical Court as in fact almost a road to perdition! Consider St Philip's [1575-1595] title of Apostle of Rome, and that the correlation to Apostle is a state of heathenism. St Bernard [1091-1153], I think, speaks as if a man could scarcely be saved who did not enter the cloister. Surely Christian society was the world, and nothing short of it."

on the World not on the Church. Against King John, and against English monks, Innocent III appointed Stephen Langton Archbishop of Canterbury ; he who was to stand for the Great Charter. And also before Henry V's day, a Pope had appointed the Italian St Bonaventure, Archbishop of York. The saint would not ; the pope insisted ; somehow in vain. But was the local nominee a better man, a better bishop ? In the day of Henry V's son (1434-5), there was a test case, of like suggestiveness. Pope Eugenius IV named the Dean of Salisbury, Thomas Brouns, as Bishop of Worcester. Young Henry VI, still in his teens, willed to name his cousin, Thomas Bourchier. The King wrote to the Pope's nominee : " We be certified that oure holy fader the Pope hathe providede you in this oure reaume unto the chirche of Wircestre, the whiche as ye knowe wel ye mowe nat accepte nor obtene by the lawes of this our lande withoute our assente furst hadde theruppon. . . . We charge you that ye certifie unto oure saide holy fadre alle your fulle disposicion in this matire ; and also to us the same, by the berer of theese." The pope yielded ; with a compromise of delay. " The promotion of Thomas Bourchier elect of W. the pope has put off until now, . . . on account of many reasonable causes. . . . If the pope had complied sooner with the king's wish, there would not have been wanting in the Council [of Basle] criticisms not only of the pope's inconstancy but also of the king's insistant demands." However, Rochester was now vacant, and the Dean of Salisbury was named ; thus offering a means of saving the honour of this Thomas Brouns, now elect of Rochester, and the honour of the pope. Wherefore the pope decided to comply with the king's wish, as to Worcester. Yet the pope wrote, further, to Henry VI : " Seeing that, as the king perceives, the pope is going counter the law in order to please him, the king must observe the sacred canons. The pope bids him behold all Christian realms and consider their obedience and devotion to the apostolic See. He will find none except his own, in which full obedience is not rendered

to the Roman Pontiff, the vicar of Jesus Christ. What shame this brings to him and his realm let him and his counsellors reflect! The king's father [Henry V] perceived this, and had decided to give Martin V full liberty of conferring benefices; but death cut short his purpose."

The law of a land stood in relation to the law for all lands. When the great day of proof came, and king's bishops and abbots, as well as dukes, told Blessed Thomas More that he had against him the parliament of England; yes, he said, but I have, for me, the parliament of Christendom. The Church was catholic, not national, not racial. Its universality had doubtless its own monstrous abuses, in the agents thereof. But did Shakespeare suspect, about these religious nationalists—of all religious bores the greatest triflers—that

> "You look but on the outside of this work"?

When this great matter comes up in Shakespeare's play, and Philip is bid to break with John, now excommunicate and curst, then this French King says to the Legate, how shall I do this thing, seeing that I have sworn a league with the King of England? Shall I

> "Play fast and loose with faith? So jest with Heaven?"

To which the Legate answers, that the higher oath, or bond, frees from the lesser, and that

> "where doing tends to ill,
> The truth is then most done not doing it."

But John's ill-deeds, though here kept in the background, have so put things out of joint that they have sufficed to turn a Salisbury to side with the French; and his national feeling is wounded thereby:

> "And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,
> That we, the sons and children of this isle,
> Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
> Wherein we step after a stranger, march
> Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
> Her enemies' ranks."

Even the French prince honours, for this, the English patriot :

> " A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
> And great affection wrestling in thy bosom
> Doth make an earthquake of nobility."

But there is another not less natural sort of English patriot in the play, who defies those who for any cause oppose the English kings :

> " You degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
> You bloody heroes, ripping up the womb
> Of your dear mother England."

This is Falconbridge, the Bastard, son of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose fine words, rejoicing in regained national unity, close a national historic play :

> " This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of the conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them." [1]

He has admiration for John, his king, sets him almost in a halo, and would put into this king something of his own greatness of heart :

> " Wherefore do you droop ? Why look so sad ?
> Be great in act, as you have been in thought,
> Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
> Govern the motion of a kingly eye."

Once, indeed, he is staggered, when he thinks his John may have instigated the murder of the child Arthur ; and one right clashes with another right ; and there may be division of duty :

> " I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
> Among the thorns and dangers of this world."

[1] Which ringing verse is Shakespeare's poetry, out of the *Troublesome Raigne's* doggerel :

> " If England peeres and people ioyne in one,
> Nor Pope nor France nor Spain can doo them wrong."

But " warlike John," he declares, is

> " Not trusting to this halting legate here,
> Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need."

A better man than Henry VIII, Falconbridge gives a foretaste of that Henry's virtuous indignation at

> " dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome."

They all wrap themselves in English patriotism, or national pride. And John himself uses Henry's title (of that later age when schism was begun), and will have it, that

> " No Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
> But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
> So under him, that great supremacy,
> Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
> Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
> So tell the pope,"

he says to the legate ;

> " all reverence set apart
> To him and his usurp'd authority."

This appealed to many in a sixteenth century audience. Anyway, it is a John *versus* an Innocent. But whether John could have actually said those words in the thirteenth century may be doubted ; though we have noted the distinction drawn between opposition, more or less justifiable, truly national, or perhaps merely narrow-minded, and the spiritual supreme headship of the see of Rome Witness, as cited here, English kings and English bishops. At the same time, to repeat, it is hard to tell why they should be always in the right, just because they were English. The " Italian priest " is mere English claptrap ; echoed by the ' Italian mission ' silliness of yesterday.[1] St Augustine, the founder

[1] The new religion was much made by foreigners in sixteenth century England, by Bucer, Dryander, Peter Martyr, Fagius, Tremellius. And

of the English Church, was an Italian monk; and its unifier, Theobald, an Eastern nominee of a pope in Italy. Nationalists of this sort, in Rome and in Athens, rejected the apostles as being mere Jews. However, the spirit is there, in the ruder barons of Shakespeare's John, as in his Henry VIII's courtier peers. It is shown in a twentieth century France, by those seeking for some national ecclesiastical body, and pointing at Rome as foreign. And France is matched by Bismarck's Prussia, as by America's K.K.K. frenzied bigotry, as by Soviet Russia's Czar-like hatred of a religion catholic. It flourishes in the history of an Anglican prelate, even a High Church historian, the late Bishop Creighton,[1] when he declared that the English must seek for unity in a national religion, so that it may be a supporter of national life. Not, therefore,—so a more Catholic-minded among his clergymen (a Mr Scott, in the *Nineteenth Century*) retorted—in order that religion might point to all mankind the way of salvation, but only that Englishmen might have a more perfect nation. No wonder, added this clergyman, we are looking to Rome, and the freedom of the soul and of the conscience, and to the spiritual

English dupes (said the Plantagenet Prince, Cardinal Pole), "in contradiction to their forefathers, had gone to foreign nations in order to be indoctrinated with the abominations of their false teaching." And so "it came about that a country which was desirous of throwing off the authority of the Pope, on the ground that he was a foreign bishop, actually made over to foreign influence the remodelling of its religion." (Pastor's *History of the Popes*, xiii.)

[1] Who, in his *History of the Papacy*, does "admit, that there is an attempt to give a bias to the early history of the English Church, in an Anglican sense. . . . I think that the attempts to minimise the connection of the English Church with Rome do not lead to any good results. Our position must be: the English Church had good reasons for its connection with Rome, and had good reasons for breaking that connection; but we gain nothing by trying to prove either that the connection never existed, or was slight or was foolishly established." The 'Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy,' in the Bishop of Chester's speech in the House of Lords, when Elizabeth was upheaving the old order, uttered a very different word, on what was really being thought and done by "the English Church," preparing to lose all its sees, to watch the overturning of its altars, and the ruin and murder of its ministers for remaining faithful; and to behold what had been hers squandered on those who adopted a new faith, and submitted to a new allegiance; while "the English Church," in the old sense, went down into the wilderness of terror and torment.

things for which she stands. His Dean of St Paul's—Dr Inge—however, in 1924, is shouting in the daily press: "Why shouldn't every self-respecting nation have an independent Church as well as an independent State?" And again: "Why should we submit to an Italian priest, any more than to a German Emperor? . . . There is no more reason why we should value the recognition of the Bishop of Rome, any more than that of the Grand Lama." (*Morning Post*, August 7, 1924.)

And thus it was, when Rome was once more leaving Britain, a Queen Katherine made her appeal—as might the soul of St Jeanne de Arc, murdered under Henry V's successor, by bishops and dukes, and declared guiltless by the pope—against injustice, against local judges, time-servers, and slaves of nation's wish, or of king's, to

> "Rome, the nurse of judgment."
>
> "I . . . here,
> Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
> To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
> And to be judg'd by him."

In that play of *Henry VIII*, too, is the scorn of English kings' dukes, for the Pope who had made their Cardinal-rival thus proud, with the pride of world-embracing Rome. Henry himself had appealed to Rome; so had Luther; so had Calvin; so had the founder of the Greek Church schism. Rome refused; boldly under an Innocent; timidly or unworthily under a Clement. But yet she refused to pretend to do what she could not do, what she could only declare impossible, dissolve a marriage the impediments to which had been removed. In that was the immediate cause of the declaration of war on Rome; and of the choice left to her, to let England go, or to remain a party to essential lawlessness in a king. "A Cambridge undergraduate was imprisoned for saying, what nowadays," said Brewer of the Rolls, "few would deny: 'If the Pope would have consented that the

king might have married Anne Boleyn, he would have been Pope still and been called Holy Father.' " But,

> " Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
> And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes."

As wrote the poet Gray, Professor of History. Cardinal Campeggio, of Henry's day, seems the more modern, writing of the " whole tragic wretchedness of the subject." " The passion of the king's is a most extraordinary thing. He sees nothing, he thinks of nothing but his Anne, he cannot be without her for an hour ; and it moves one to pity to see how the King's life, the stability or the downfall of the whole country, hang upon this one question." Henry cut off her head, in three months after he had poisoned his wife ; which poisoning, in the judgment of Professor Goldwin Smith and many more, the modern adulterer and murderer did ; yet, if so, said no royal David's Miserere. Not that Henry did not pretend to justify his acts. He sent the obsequious Cranmer abroad, to gain him support from university doctors and from religious authorities, Catholic and Reformed. He tried to catch his cousin, the young Cardinal Pole, to be his man. But " so far as could be seen, every learned man in Christendom, but for bribery and threats, would have condemned Henry." [1] The " honourable presents " to professors abroad were the means of gaining over whatever was gained, of " all famous colleges almost in Christendom." Thus Henry's favourite Suffolk puts it. Henry did, truly, always want to get some sort of show of right to support him : " He never hesitated to commit murder, pillage or adultery ; but there was always an hour of apparent irresolution when he was making out a case for himself. He would skulk behind the law at one time, behind the bishops at another—behind the voice of the universities here, or behind the consent of enactments of Parliament there. Juries must be coerced, to return the verdict he wanted, judges

[1] Green.

frightened into pronouncing their sentences; horrible confessions be wrung from shuddering culprits almost at their last gasp; if only to prove that the king could do no wrong, and to let Europe believe that he had some colour of right on his side." [1] Of his conduct in this matter of the annulling of his marriage he set forth that justification, declaring that he had examined the cause in "the court of his own conscience, which was enlightened and directed by the Spirit of God, Who possesseth and directeth the heart of princes." [2]

"Conscience, conscience,"

the dramatist (perhaps not Shakespeare [3]) makes him explain, concerning his lawful queen,

"O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her."

His courtiers find him "full of sad thought and troubles."

[1] *Athenæum:* On 'Letters and Papers foreign and domestic of the reign of Henry VIII.'

[2] At last the national anti-papal monarchy came to have panegyrical writings, when Charles I was done to death, such as:

"Kings are gods once removed . . .
So that for Charles the Good to have been tryed
And cast by mortal votes was Deicide."

Early eighteenth century Oxford had the 'Death of Christ' and the 'Death of Charles I' hung in corresponding places in the Bodleian. And Young, poet and parson, dedicating his *Last Day* to Queen Anne, sees her grandsire among the martyrs in corporal Assumption, the Almighty examining the scars on Charles I's neck, and then looking at his own:

"His lifted hands his lofty neck surround,
To hide the scarlet of a circling wound;
The Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne
Those scars to mark, and then regards his own."

[3] No doubt, neither *King John* nor *Henry VIII* are wholly by Shakespeare. What a miserable sinner, this Shakespeare, to have left undone the things which he ought to have done. The tottering majesty of *Troilus and Cressida* shall rise up in judgment against him and shall condemn him; and the disfigured passion of *Timon;* not to say the splay-footed splendour of *Henry V.* And he, the shaper of the noble perfectness of *Coriolanus;* he, inspired with the wondrous glory of *Antony and Cleopatra* to the close; not to speak of the wholeness of *Hamlet* even, and of *Lear,* and of *Othello.* Certainly, he was not always found like Shakespeare, like himself.

Norfolk. What's the cause ?
Chamberlain. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suffolk. No ; his conscience has crept too near another lady.

And in fact he had not waited for any decision, to marry his new mistress ; whose elder sister had been the mistress of his days gone by ; as proved, by terms of the request, to Rome, for leave to marry the thus-related young Anne. For, under whatever show of legality, Henry was minded to be " the Pope, the whole Pope, and something more than the Pope ; and the civilians were ready to place triple crown and every other crown upon his head." [1] His Cromwell objected to the princess Mary's writing to the king that " next to Almighty God . . . I have decreed simply from henceforth and wholly to put my state, continuance and living in your gracious mercy." And the " worthy fellow," as Henry's lords call Cranmer (who, for service in these marrying and unmarrying matters, they saw made an archbishop), pleaded, for that Cromwell, as being " one whose surety was only to your majesty, who loved your majesty as I ever thought, no less than God." Leaving out the martyred Bishop Fisher—who spoke " for loyal duty, for salvation of his own soul," and, said the king, " like a disaffected subject "—and perhaps leaving out Cranmer's archiepiscopal predecessor, Warham, and the Spanish Dominican Bishop Arthequa of Llandaff (Katherine of Aragon's confessor, who escaped from the apostatising country, after the queen's death ; " finding that he could no longer remain in England as a Catholic, or preserve his own soul in safety ")—it is fair to say, with Lingard, that " the bishops on both sides . . . carefully studied the inclinations of the king, sought by the most servile submission to win his confidence, and employed all their vigilance to defeat the intrigues and to undermine the credit of their adversaries." Shakespeare has expressed their dependence of soul on a hint from the king, in the watchful speech of Henry's courtier confessor, the wretched Bishop

[1] Stubbs : *Seventeen Lectures*, p. 272.

of Lincoln—they say he lived to feel remorse, and acknowledge his feelings—when asked to tell about his setting forth, over the wild sea of his penitent's conscience :

> " So please your highness,
> The question did at first so stagger me,—
> Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
> And consequence of dread,—that I committed
> The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
> And did entreat your highness to this course
> Which you are running here." (II, 4.)

He sang High Mass at Queen Katherine's funeral ; after which Henry gave balls and routs. And the concubine's little Elizabeth was sent in great state to Mass, in those three months between Katherine's death and Anne Boleyn's execution. Preachers there were (preached Friar Peto before the king), " too many of them ; who preach and persuade thee, and feed thy folly and frail affection, betraying thy soul, thy honour, and thy posterity, upon hope of their own worldly promotion, to obtain . . . ecclesiastical dignities." As a Bishop Gardiner, who, believing in Catholicism, renounced the Pope ; and an Archbishop Cranmer, who, believing in some of his Protestantisms, yet judged and burnt Protestants; and while illegally married himself, signed the six articles of religion enforcing the celibacy of the clergy.

> " How happy is the prince who has a churchman
> So learned and pliant to expound his laws."

No wonder such bishops could not keep the peace with Rome. Catholic without the Pope ; so a Gardiner (on his ' Anglo-Catholic ' inclined plane) thought he was ; he who praised the later Henry for being a Church protector ! " One that in all obedience makes the church, The chief aim of his honour." [1] But of his baseness Gardiner repented :

[1] There was a bishop-to-be, his cousin, Pole, who addressed the fallen Henry thus : " You . . . the Head of the Church, who are the robber and persecutor of the Church ! Having ruined monasteries, wrecked churches, seized their possessions; your butcheries have made of England the

" I was awfully in error in my past conduct. Let me impress upon you good people "—he was preaching at St Paul's Cross, under Queen Mary—" that Catholicity and the Papacy can never be severed by any earthly power ; they will remain united together to the end of time." And a Cranmer : how terrified of Henry's look, " 'tis his aspect of terror " ; he, who, in dissolving marriage after marriage, yielded ; as all must yield, who belong to their masters ; be they national-conventions, kings, or millionaires. Who is it that guards against divorce to-day ? And, as we answer, we watch, perhaps with a new understanding, that great struggle between Popes and Kings ; of which a glimpse is caught in these plays of the centuries from King John to King Henry the Eighth. But what kingship is that which is limited, yet must not yield ? It is the Catholic, the Christian ; whose king is anointed and crowned, not by one appointed by himself, not by his own subjects as such, for then, to repeat, this consecration has no meaning ; but by one who acts as the spokesman of the absolute law, to which is subject the king as the peasant, the prelate and also the pope. This or that religious guarantee may fail us ; but, at least, to be anything, it must claim to be, not that which

slaughter-house of the innocent. The holiest and most spotless men have been put to death in the most horrible and unheard of manner for new crimes invented by you. . . . And you are the man who holds that the Pope, on account of moral deficiencies, cannot be the Head of the Church ! "

Concerning that king, in his forward youth, there had been said words, on May 9, 1509, in old St Paul's, when his future martyr-victim, Bishop Fisher, was preaching the funeral sermon of Henry VII : " His sone the kynge that now is our governour and soverayne endued with all graces of God and nature and with as grete habylytees and lykelyhodes of well doynge as ever was in kynge, whose begynnynge is now so gracyous and so comfortable unto all his people, that the reioysynge in hym in maner shadoweth the sorowe that elles wolde have been taken for the deth of his fader." Unfortunately, as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Herbert's brother, wrote, in his *Life of Henry VIII :* " The government of Princes rarely grows milder towards their latter end ; but this King in particular, (being, about his declining age, so diverse in many of his desires, as he knew not well how either to command or obey them) interverted all ; falling, at last, into such violent courses, as in common opinion derogated not a little "—the pink of politeness in biography could no further go—" from those virtues which at first made him one of the most renowned princes of Christendom."

we make, but that by which we are made. The " Who am I ? Ha ! " of Henry VIII may be heard, as the sign of the heathenish imperatorship at which he aimed, the Leviathan, sceptre in one hand, crozier in the other.[1] But, near by, was his Christian lawyer, with the Canon Law and ' the true Rex is Lex ' ; and Sir Thomas More's words are, in effect, that whosoever the nation wills to be king *is* king. The right of a nation to say who will reign over it—before the Reformation, this right (as we need to repeat) had never been seriously disputed in England. As Las Casas, the Dominican apostle of charity, reminds a Philip the Second, it is, if not a point of faith (which from its nature it could hardly be), yet an undisputed proposition of Catholic teaching, that every people has intrinsically the right, for grave cause, to change its king, or its line of kings, or indeed, to set aside monarchy altogether. Sixtus the Fourth, in his bull confirming the title of Henry the Seventh (a bull for which, Bishop Creighton rightly says, England owes him thanks), while not overlooking hereditary claims, rests mainly on the fact that " the parliament and the people have received him." This is the same ground which Leo XIII took, in urging French Catholics to accept the Republic. Blessed Thomas More did not controvert the right of parliament to set the young illegitimate Elizabeth in place of her elder sister Mary, also declared illegitimate by her adulterous father. More told the Attorney-General Rich : " If parliament should own you for King, I would own you for King." That to which he would not consent, and that for refusing which his head fell under the axe of the royal butcher, was, to take the oath of succession in such a form as implied that Anne was Henry's true wife, and that Katherine had not been. He decided nobly ; and all Christendom of every school, has honoured him since. Of all the indescribable meannesses (a Protestant historical

[1] As shows the frontispiece to Hobbes's book—the figure of the Leviathan being made up of all the little figures of us warring men ; whose only hope is in being thus absorbed in despotic power.

writer, the late Rev. Charles Starbuck, continues) into which Mr Froude has been betrayed by his infatuated hatred of his own early enthusiasms, none is more desperately mean and more desperately futile than his endeavour to dislodge Katherine of Aragon from the place which she has in the heart of Protestant England and of universal Christendom.

To sum up again, no king under Catholic Europe could claim Divine Right, in the sense of Anglican Stuart or Gallican Bourbon.[1] Such an accepted—though mooted—doctrine, with the king irresponsible, as the source and standard of right, was unknown and impossible in the Middle Ages of Shakespeare's plays. John knew it to his cost; and if he did not believe, he trembled. Henry, trembling not, had to devise a local men-severing religion, flouting world-saving beliefs.

And so, another thing not to be forgotten is, that in mediæval times, the direct descent from father to eldest son was not inevitably followed; any more than it was held impossible to dethrone a king. Thus, under a King John, many range themselves on his side, and against his nephew Arthur, his elder brother's youthful son. But France claims to be protector of its young vassal. And then John makes the boy promises; and his grandmother would allure him, while his mother mocks at the offer, and the poor boy himself cries out amidst them all:

> "Good my mother, peace!
> I would that I were low laid in my grave;
> I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

His uncle would murder him; and the figure of the gentle child pleading for life, is the centre of one of the most beautiful of Shakespeare scenes; one truly making history live, if history's best is the stirring of fellow-feeling with humanity. Thus have suffered so many, who to us are but names. Even

[1] V. sup., *The Soldier's Duty*, p. 43.

before he suspects danger, the young Arthur is sad, being a prisoner :

> " Methinks nobody should be sad but I ;
> Yet, I remember when I was in France,
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
> Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
> So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
> I should be as merry as the day is long ;
> And so I would be, here, but that I doubt [think]
> My uncle practises [plots] more harm to me ;
> He is afraid of me, and I of him.
> Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ? "

But if such revealing of the heart gives life to histories ; as also do the sad confessions of a usurper Bolingbroke ; or the manly reasoning of his son Henry V disguised at night among his fearful soldiers ; or even the less real sentiments of Richard II with himself ; or, again, the fearful humour of the third Richard, only over-ready to act ; if these things give life, they tell of the ruin of him whose nature is weak within, or who cannot count on help without. And an Arthur has to fall. The strong men around, and the ambitious, seek for a leader. If he is strong, he will hold his own ; if indeed he is a leader, like Henry V. Yet, who less national than this " no tyrant, but a Christian king," if national were to mean a spiritual law unto a nation's self, with no intent of submission to the universal Law, of God, in His Rome ?

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